

WYATT EARP

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EXT. CREEK - LAMARR, MISSOURI - DAY

A twenty-one year old WYATT walks alongside a very pretty nineteen year old girl by the name of URILLA SUTHERLAND. Super LAMARR MISSOURI 1869. We can see that Wyatt is very smitten with this girl.

URILLA

What are you going to do with yourself Wyatt?

WYATT

Well... I figured to read for the law.

URILLA

Is that what you want... to be a lawyer?

WYATT

It... kinda runs in the family... with my Pa a judge and his father a lawyer before him... and besides... I like it quite a bit myself. It's interesting and I believe a man can make a handsome living at it.

URILLA

I don't know.... I believe I'd like to live on a ranch... some nice little spread with a sweet little house that I can turn into a castle for the right man, with a big feather bed where we'd make babies inside me, and stay snuggled up all warm on the coldest night.

WYATT

(gulping)

Ranching is good... I like ranches.

CUT TO:

INT. SUTHERLAND HOTEL - LAMARR, MISSOURI - DAY

The parlor of the hotel is now the scene of Wyatt's wedding to Urilla. The guests are all seated as Wyatt, in a suit with Urilla at his side stands in front of NICHOLAS EARP, Wyatt's father who is performing the ceremony. We see a special tenderness in the bond between this old patriarch and his best-loved son Wyatt.

(CONTINUED)

WYATT EARP

CONTINUED:

NICHOLAS

One of the nice things about being a judge is that when one of your sons gets married, you get to do the job... Do you Urilla take Wyatt to be your lawful wedded husband to have and to hold, forsaking all others, to love honor and cherish in sickness and in health, for richer and for poorer till death do you part?

URILLA

I do.

NICHOLAS

And do you Wyatt, take Urilla to be your lawful wedded wife, to have and to hold, forsaking all others, to love, honor and cherish, in sickness and in health, for richer and for poorer till death do you part?

WYATT

I do.

NICHOLAS

Then by the power vested in me by the state of Missouri I now pronounce you man and wife.

Wyatt just stands there looking at his lovely bride.

NICHOLAS

(gently and with pride)
You can kiss her now, son.

Wyatt and Urilla gently kiss. You have never seen a young couple more in love.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL - LAMARR, MISSOURI - DAY

The wedding photograph. Here we see Wyatt and Urilla standing in the center of the picture flanked by her parents and three brothers on one side and Nicholas and his wife and JAMES, VIRGIL, MORGAN, and young WARREN EARP on the other. The picture is about to be snapped when James pulls out a flask from his coat pocket and starts to take a snort.

NICHOLAS

James!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

James shrugs and puts the bottle back and smiles like an idiot while Wyatt smiles and shakes his head and the Photographer's flash powder goes off and we FREEZE FRAME... The shot has Wyatt shaking his head with his eyes closed.

ANGLE ON - THE PHOTOGRAPHER

He realizes his picture has been screwed up. He takes those plates out and puts in new ones.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Let's try one more if you please...
all eyes looking this way.

Wyatt looks at the camera but now his smile starts to broaden and he and his brothers start trying to fight back the laughter that is starting to catch first one and then the other.

PHOTOGRAPHER

All right... one... two...

Wyatt bursts out laughing...

WYATT

I'm... I'm sorry... I just... I'm
sorry.

Wyatt pulls himself together.

PHOTOGRAPHER

All right... one... two and...

Now Virgil cracks up laughing.

JAMES

Virgil try and pull yourself
together... this is a very uhh...
very somber... occasion.

VIRGIL

I'm sorry.

JAMES

You want a drink?

NICHOLAS

He doesn't want a drink...

They all try to hold it together and now all four brothers go at once and break up laughing. The photographer throws up his hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PHOTOGRAPHER

I can't... I can't take a photo
like this...

URILLA

Wyatt...

WYATT

We're sorry... We'll do it now...
Somber!!

They all look deadpan at the camera AND THE FLASH POWDER GOES
OFF.

CUT TO:

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - LAMARR, MISSOURI - DAY

It is a sweet little house on a pretty little spread. WE SUPER
THE WORDS: "Nine Months Later." Then the front door opens and a
very pregnant Urilla comes to the front door. Next to the ranch
house is a barn.

URILLA

Wyatt!!

Wyatt comes out of the barn. His shirt is off. He wipes the
sweat from his brow.

WYATT

Lunch ready?

But Urilla leans up against the door jamb and shakes her head no.

WYATT

Then why'd you call me hon...?

Just then Urilla has a pain...

WYATT

It's the... Is it the... It's
time... it's the baby?

URILLA

(nodding her head and in pain)

Baby...

WYATT

Baby... okay... Go inside... I'll
get the... Urilla go inside and...
I'll get the Doc... I'll... You
okay?

URILLA

Yes... just hurry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He races to the corral hits the fence with one foot and is up and sailing over it like a teenager which is almost what he is. He jumps onto a horse bareback, spurs it and jumps the fence of the corral and is off.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - LAMARR, MISSOURI - SUNSET

There is a buggy out front of the house.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - SUNSET

Wyatt who now has a shirt on sits in the parlor of the little house. The door to the bedroom is closed. The door opens and Wyatt jumps up. DOC RYERSON a man in his sixties comes out.

WYATT

How's she doin' Doc? She okay?
Everything okay? Is it? She's
okay isn't she?

RYERSON

She's okay.

WYATT

What can I get for you... what do
you need Doc?

RYERSON

I need to go to the outhouse
Wyatt... You think you can let me
pass?

The Doc moves one way and Wyatt moves in the same direction blocking his way out.

WYATT

Sorry.

He moves the other way only to find the Doc doing the same and him blocking the Doc's way again.

WYATT

Sorry.

RYERSON

Stand!

WYATT

Yes sir!

Wyatt stands in one place and the Doc goes around him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYERSON

Wyatt...

WYATT

Yes sir... what is it... what can I do?

RYERSON

Go out.

WYATT

Go out?

RYERSON

That's right... Go out... Go get some cigars, go get drunk... go do anything... just... go out and stay out until I can get this baby born... hmmm?

WYATT

All right...

RYERSON

Good.

WYATT

You sure I should...

RYERSON

Just go!

WYATT

Yes sir... Maybe I should go get her mother.

RYERSON

Yes. Mothers are useful.

Wyatt crosses to the bedroom door and leans in.

ANGLE ON URILLA

tired, but beautiful in bed. She looks up at Wyatt.

URILLA

Hi...

WYATT

I love you.

Just then the doctor's hand appears on Wyatt's shoulder from behind.

RYERSON

Just.... GO!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SUTHERLAND HOME - LAMARR - NIGHT

There is a buckboard outside and Wyatt is helping MOTHER SUTHERLAND into it.

WYATT

There you go Mother Sutherland.

MOTHER SUTHERLAND

My baby's having a baby... I can't believe it.

Wyatt grabs the reins and whips up the horses throwing Mother Sutherland back in her seat and making her grab her bonnet, so in a hurry is he to get back to his home.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - LAMARR - NIGHT

Wyatt pulls up in the buckboard and helps Mother Sutherland down.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - LAMARR - NIGHT

Wyatt and Mother Sutherland enter the parlor. The Doc sits in the chair with his head in his hands and blood on his shirt. He looks up at Wyatt and Mother Sutherland with a stricken look.

RYERSON

I... I couldn't save them... either one of them.

WYATT

Urilla... Urillaaaa!!!!

He runs into the bedroom.

MOTHER SUTHERLAND

Oh my God no...

INT. BEDROOM - RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Wyatt enters the bedroom. Urilla is dead.

WYATT

Nooooooooooooooooooooo!!!!!!!!!!!!
Nooooooooooooooooooooo!!!!!!!!!!!!

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

The horses jump from the sound of Wyatt screaming inside.

WYATT

Nooooooooooooooooooooo!!!!!!!!!!!!

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

All the Earps and the Sutherlands stand by the two coffins, one for mother, one for child by the grave side.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - LAMAR - SUNSET

Wyatt still dressed in black and looking like a madman holds a huge can of kerosene. The light has gone out of him. His eyes are dead as he splashes the kerosene against the walls of the house, lights the match that sends it up in flames, mounts his horse and rides away without even looking back at it.

EXT. VAN BUREN, ARKANSAS - NIGHT - RAIN

Thunder and lightning light up the sky of this frontier town. A buckboard comes into town driven by Nicholas P. Earp. The rain pours down as he pulls up in front of the Sheriff's office and gets down off the rig. WE SUPER THE WORDS: VAN BUREN, ARKANSAS.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - VAN BUREN, ARKANSAS - NIGHT

Nicholas enters the Sheriff's office. The Sheriff's name is BODEEN.

NICHOLAS
Sheriff Bodeen?

BODEEN
That's right.

NICHOLAS
You have a young man here who's been arrested for horse thievery?

BODEEN
What business might that be of yours.

NICHOLAS
I am Judge Nicholas P. Earp. I'm here to make his bail... I'm his father.

INT. JAIL SECTION OF SHERIFF'S OFFICE - VAN BUREN, ARKANSAS - NIGHT

On a bunk with his back to camera is Wyatt. As he hears the sound of the jail door being opened he turns around. Nicholas is let into the cell by Bodeen who then exits. Nicholas and Wyatt look at each other. Wyatt looks terrible. His eyes are red rimmed, his face covered with stubble and bruises of a number of barroom brawls. He looks like he's been on a months-long binge, which of course he has. His shirt is torn and mud and blood caked, his hair filthy. Wyatt blinks in the dim light.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WYATT

Pa...?

NICHOLAS

You've got yourself into quite a fix, son.

WYATT

How did you...

NICHOLAS

You wired Virgil... Virgil's gone off... so has James. They brought the wire to me. Did you do it? Did you steal those horses?

WYATT

(after a long beat)

Yeah... I... I don't remember it but... sure.

NICHOLAS

You don't remember...

WYATT

I've been drunk... ever since... how long is it?

NICHOLAS

Six months.

WYATT

Six...

NICHOLAS

I've made your bail. Five hundred dollars... I've told them that I intend to defend you at your trial...

WYATT

I don't want that Pa... I...

Nicholas crosses to him and sits down next to him.

NICHOLAS

There's not going to be a trial... because you're going to run.

WYATT

(amazed, looking at his father)

You're telling me to do that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICHOLAS

They hang horse thieves Wyatt.
You're guilty. They'll hang you.
So you run. And you keep on
running until you're clear of this
county... until you're clear of
Arkansas... and then you don't come
back here... And then once you're
out of Arkansas Wyatt you stop and
you look in a mirror... You take a
good look... and you take yourself
in hand... because otherwise...
you're going to wind up dead son.

WYATT

(quietly)

I don't care.

His father slaps him hard across the mouth.

NICHOLAS

You're not the first man to lose a
wife...! Or a child! My first
wife died! My first child died!
This is a hard land Wyatt... and a
hard life... it doesn't suffer
fools. It will not tolerate
weakness... You've got to...
tighten up on your tears boy...

This Nicholas says close to tears himself as he puts his arm
around his son and then leaves.

EXT. BUFFALO CAMP - KANSAS - DAY - 1872

The buffalo camp is a ramshackle affair made up mainly of tents
and a few wooden buildings though not many. What there are, are
many buffalo hunters, hides and flies. Ed and Bat Masterson,
nineteen and eighteen respectively eye the various hunters who
ride into the camp with their mound of hides piled up on the rigs
behind them. The Masterson brothers are hungry kids trying to
size up who would make the best prospective employer. As we SEE
various hunters drive their rigs past them the two boys comment
on their chances with each.

BAT

What about that one?

We SEE a hunter driving his rig into the camp. There aren't that
many hides piled up and upon closer inspection we see that the
hunter is cross-eyed.

ED

Which one?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAT

That one right there!

ED

The cross-eyed one?

BAT

Is he cross-eyed?

ED

He's lookin' at both sides of the street at the same time from different directions.

Just then Wyatt rides into town on a flatbed wagon piled high with buffalo hides. His hair is long and his face is stubble but we can see this is not the same drunken boy from the jail. He is a hardened frontier hunter, a deliberate man. Bat and Ed's eyes follow his progress down the road.

INT. TENT SALOON - BUFFALO CAMP - KANSAS - 1872

Wyatt enters and crosses to the bar which is little more than a plank perched on two barrels. The tent is crowded with hunters, most of them drunk. Wyatt turns to the BARTENDER as behind him Ed and Bat Masterson come up toward Wyatt.

WYATT

(to bartender)
You got any cold beer.

BARTENDER

We got warm whiskey.

WYATT

How 'bout some hot coffee.

BARTENDER

Friend this is a saloon. We serve whiskey.

Wyatt takes out a dollar and smacks the coin on the plank bar.

WYATT

Why don't you brew up some coffee.

BARTENDER

Coffee she is.

He scoops up the dollar. The young Bat Masterson crosses over to Wyatt. Wyatt is just over six feet. Ed and Bat are both around five nine and very deferential.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAT

'Scuze me Mister... We seen your wagon out there... Looks like you had a pretty lucky hunt.

WYATT

Slaughtering dumb animals... doesn't take much luck, not too much skill either.

ED

We didn't see any skinners riding up there with you though.

WYATT

That's 'cause there wasn't any.

BAT

He quit?

WYATT

He's dead.

BAT

Well that's as good as quit in my book... My brother Ed and me are lookin' for work as skinners. We're from Sedgewick County.

Just then a huge bear of a man, a drunken buffalo hunter steps up to the bar. His name is LINK.

LINK

Bartender! It's the end of a long cold dry spell. Whiskey all around!

A cheer goes up as the bartender puts glasses on the plank. Being right next to Wyatt he slaps him on the back.

LINK

Ha...?

Wyatt smiles at this non sequitur. The bartender fills glasses all the way down the line. He puts one in front of Wyatt and starts to fill it. Wyatt covers the glass.

WYATT

No thanks.

BARTENDER

Okay.

Link however is offended.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LINK

Wait a second... Mister I'm
buyin'... so drink up.

WYATT

Thanks but... I got some coffee
comin'... I don't do well on
whiskey.

LINK

I don't give a pail of hot spit
what you do well on. If I'm buyin'
you're drinkin'.

WYATT

Fair enough... if you'd pay for my
coffee I'd be much obliged.

Link leans over and gets the bottle of whiskey out of the
bartender's hand and sets it down in front of Wyatt.

LINK

Drink it...

WYATT

Mister I been in a real bad mood
for a couple of years... So why
don't you leave me alone.

Link's hand goes down for his gun and quick as a heartbeat
Wyatt's gun is up in his own hand, cocked and pointed right into
Link's ugly face.

WYATT

(very calm)

Drop your gun belt and go away.

Link looks at the cocked gun which is pointed right between his
eyes. He struggles to keep control of his bowels.

LINK

Okay... sure... You betcha.
That's just what I'm doin'.

He undoes his gunbelt and lets it drop to the floor and he backs
away from Wyatt who keeps his gun on him until Link is at the
tent opening.

LINK

(smiling sheepishly)

Bye...

ANGLE ON

The look on Wyatt's face is one that assures Link that if he tries anything again he will be dead. When he is out of sight Wyatt's eyes flick around the room to see if anyone else wants a piece of him. Everyone is very quiet and very respectful and Wyatt looks very deadly. He uncocks his gun and holsters it. Wyatt turns to the two kids.

WYATT

Twenty-five dollars a piece.

BAT

Huh?

WYATT

You want to be skinners. That's what I'll pay.

ED

Mister that's a deal... My name's Ed Masterson... This is my little brother Bat.

Wyatt holds out his hand.

WYATT

Wyatt Earp.

EXT. PRAIRIE HUNT - MONTAGE - DAY

This is a brief montage in which we see

- A. Wyatt with his Sharp's rifle drawing a bead on a buffalo and firing.
- B. Ed and Bat doing the very dirty job of skinning the buffalo surrounded by swarms of flies.
- C. What we first think is Wyatt drawing a bead on a buffalo with a Sharp's rifle and then realize is Bat. Then a hand comes into frame correcting the way Bat holds the rifle.

It is Wyatt showing the younger Bat what to do as Ed looks on and though we do not hear the words we see that Ed keeps up a constant stream of dialogue which finally cracks Bat up and sets him to laughing. Wyatt shoots Ed a look and in a scene reminiscent of Wyatt and his brothers during the wedding photo scene Ed and Bat try to look somber, hold it for a bit until Ed says something which sets Bat and him laughing again. As Wyatt shakes his head and then looks up in horror to see a bull buffalo coming charging at them, Wyatt grabs the Sharp's rifle out of Bat's hands and runs as Bat and Ed run behind him though they are still laughing.

D. Bat draws a bead on a buffalo much as in preceding scene and fires. He looks up and CAMERA PANS UP with his look to Wyatt who gives a nod of approval and then to Ed whom we see is gagged by Wyatt holding a kerchief around his mouth, though Ed enthusiastically nods his approval as well.

E. Wyatt taking his turn with the skinning knife.

EXT. BUFFALO CAMP - KANSAS - 1874 - DAY

We SEE Wyatt, Bat and Ed ride into the camp with a wagon piled three times as high with hides as when they first met.

EXT. HIDE LOT - BUFFALO CAMP - DAY

The lot is full of stacks of hides with hunters being paid off. Bat and Ed stand off to the side as Wyatt crosses towards them counting out the money for the hides they have just sold. He has separated the money into three equal piles and now gives one pile each to Bat and Ed.

BAT

That's a lot more than twenty-five dollars apiece.

WYATT

Well you did a lot more than just skin 'em.

Wyatt and Bat look at each other a beat and we see in the young man's eyes even more respect for Wyatt. A special bond of loyalty is being forged.

ED

Shoot, we did pretty good.

WYATT

Well I figure we would have made a lot more if you would've talked a little less but all in all, not bad.

BAT

You sure you won't change your mind Wyatt.

WYATT

Nope. My brother James has just got married over in Dodge and I figure to stay with them for awhile till I can find somethin' else to do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ED
(finishing his sentence)
...Aside from slaughtering dumb
animals.

WYATT
Something like that.

EXT. DODGE - STREET - DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT

We SUPER the words: DODGE CITY, KANSAS - 1874

ANGLE ON - JAMES AND WYATT

walking down the sidewalk. Wyatt is much improved in appearance now, wearing a dark coat and white shirt as he walks next to James. Wyatt's hair is neatly cut, the stubble all gone. Wyatt is troubled by something as he walks with his cynical and slightly drunken older brother.

WYATT
James I appreciate you givin' me a
place to stay and all but there's
just one problem.

JAMES
(as even tempered as can be)
What's that Wyatt?

WYATT
(after a pause)
It's Bessie...

JAMES
Bessie...?

WYATT
Right James.

JAMES
My wife Bessie?

WYATT
Yes.

JAMES
What about her.

WYATT
(with difficulty)
I haven't been here long but...
I've heard...

JAMES
Yes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WYATT
(spitting it out)
Well... She's... She's a whore
James.

JAMES
Yes she is Wyatt... and a hard
working one at that.

Wyatt can't believe his ears.

WYATT
I... I don't understand James.

JAMES
Well it's pretty simple Wyatt...
Fellas pay her money and she shows
'em a good time. It's not too
complicated.

WYATT
What I don't understand is...

JAMES
Is what?

WYATT
Is what you're doin' with her!

JAMES
I'm doin' the same thing everyone
else is doin' with her Wyatt. The
only difference is she doesn't
charge me.

WYATT
And it doesn't bother you?

JAMES
That she doesn't charge me for it?
Why no Wyatt. Truth to tell I'm
rather fond of the arrangement.
Why on a good day I can even get
her to cook and clean a little.

Wyatt just shakes his head.

WYATT
I... I'm not new in the woods James
but...

JAMES
But what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WYATT

But I still don't get it.

JAMES

Well I have no doubt about that Wyatt. It's because you're too dour. You're no fun. Maybe you ought to start payin' for it and then you'll get it for sure. In fact you mention my name and you'll get a discount. It's one of the advantages of having a harlot in the family.

Wyatt finally gives up.

WYATT

Okay... Okay.

JAMES

Okay, okay what?

WYATT

If your "arrangement" doesn't bother you... I guess it doesn't bother me.

JAMES

(sarcastic)

Well that's sure a load off my mind. I was really losin' sleep, Wyatt, worryin' about whether or not my arrangement bothered you...
whew!

They find themselves passing the office of the Dodge City Marshal's office. There is a sign in the window which says: CAREER OPPORTUNITY - DEPUTY WANTED - INQUIRE WITHIN. They pass it by and then Wyatt stops, turns around and walks back and reads the sign.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DODGE CITY - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING SHOT

WE SUPER THE WORDS: DODGE CITY, KANSAS - 1877

EXT. FRONT STREET - DODGE CITY - NIGHT

Wyatt walks down Front Street in the company of Bat and Ed Masterson. Wyatt, for his part now looks more like the image of Wyatt Earp. He wears the long dark coat and white shirt and string tie and broad black hat. Bat almost mimics him in dress and Ed looks much more the dude with a vest and three piece suit and derby hat. The one thing they all have in common however is that they all wear stars on their coats and all are armed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The sound of music and drunks roll out the various saloons and bawdy houses. Coming down the street toward them are two cowboys who come out of a saloon. The two drunks are both armed. Wyatt looks over at the Masterson brothers who both seem a little nervous.

ED

With the pay at only two dollars and fifty cents for every drunk we bring in, I don't see how we're gonna make as much as we did skinnin' hides... I mean how much did you make at two dollars and fifty cents a drunk last month, Wyatt?

WYATT

(very quietly)

One thousand one hundred seventy-two dollars and fifty cents.

Both Ed and Bat gulp.

WYATT

Well... you might as well get broke in sometime. Why don't you two boys handle this one.

Ed and Bat steal a look at each other as the two drunks approach. Ed smiles to both of the cowboys and even tips his derby. Wyatt steps off to the side and into the shadows.

ED

Evenin'.

COWBOY #1

Yeah... right...

He ignores Ed and keeps on walkin'.

ED

Looks like you two fellas been doin' some drinkin'.

COWBOY #2 lets out a huge hairy belch.

COWBOY #2

What makes you say that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ED

Oh just intuition I guess...
anyways I'm glad you two are havin'
a good time, but you know there's a
city ordinance against wearing
firearms in this part of town.

COWBOY #1

(turning ugly)

Oh yeah... says who?

Bat takes a tough stance.

BAT

Says the law that's who.

Ed turns to Bat as the two cowboys step back a pace as if they
are getting ready to fight. Ed wants to cool things out.

ED

Now Bat, you're bein' about as
sociable as an ulcerated back
tooth. These here boys are just
tryin' to have a good time and...

Ed's speech however is cut off as Wyatt springs out of the
shadows and whacks first one and then the other of the two
drunken cowboys over the head with his gun barrel. Ed is shocked
and stands there not knowing what to say or do though Bat has
moved with alacrity and had his gun out, cocked and pointed at
the two cowboys to cover Wyatt.

ED

Gee minney Christmas Wyatt!!

Wyatt bends down and unbuckles one cowboy's gun and relieves him
of it. He looks up at Ed tight lipped and pissed off.

WYATT

You talk too much Ed...

ED

You didn't have to do that Wyatt...
You had no call to knock 'em ass
over tea kettle like that!

Wyatt moves to the second cowboy who is also unconscious and
rolls him back onto his back and pries open the cowboy's hand in
which there is a small caliber pistol...

WYATT

(to himself, surprised)

Hmph.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ED

I'll be a son of a...

BAT

(still holding his gun on the cowboy)
How'd you know he'd already pulled a gun Wyatt. I was standing right in front of him and I didn't see it.

WYATT

Neither did I... Put your gun away Bat. It might go off.

INT. DODGE CITY JAIL - NIGHT - 1877

Bat holds the jail cell door open as Wyatt puts one unconscious cowboy onto one bunk and Ed puts the other on the other. Ed laughs and shakes his head.

ED

Guess I didn't make too spectacular a debut, huh?

Wyatt gently pushes Ed out the door and closes and locks the cell door and walks with the Masterson brothers into the office.

INT. CITY MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DODGE CITY - NIGHT - 1877

Wyatt puts the keys back in the desk and takes out a booking report and starts filling it out.

ED

You know that one fella could have gone for his gun after he saw you put the dent in his friend's head.

WYATT

Yes... that's true.

ED

All I'm sayin' is Wyatt I don't think we were in... "mortal danger" exactly... you know?

WYATT

Mebbe not.

ED

I mean those two was so drunk they couldn't have found their own butts in an outhouse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bat chuckles and shakes his head. Wyatt looks up at Ed.

ED

Well it's true Wyatt. That one fella was so drunk he couldn't have hit the ground with his hat in three tries. I don't believe they could have hit a bull's ass with a banjo.

WYATT

Could be.

ED

They were just havin' a good time, Wyatt that's all... and I don't know if it was necessary to crack 'em up the side of the head with a gun barrel to get their attention... I believe I could have talked those guns off 'em.

WYATT

Ed... if I were you... I'd look for another line of work... politics maybe.

BAT

Ed's just got a different style is all, Wyatt.

WYATT

(quietly cutting him off)
You could get killed in this line of work Ed. You could get people around you killed.

BAT

Wyatt... it's just our first night...

WYATT

I know... and when I hit that fella... your first instinct was to pull your weapon and cover me. Ed... this is a hard land... It doesn't suffer fools.

ED

(serious)
I'm not a fool Wyatt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WYATT

No you're not... But you are not a deliberate man. I don't sense that about you Ed... You're too affable.

EXT. FORT GRIFFIN, TEXAS - DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT

Fort Griffin is another ramshackle camp town made up of hunters, outlaws and cowboys and gamblers and whores. Wyatt, dusty and dirty from riding the trail rides into town and cranes his neck as he sees a sign on a saloon that proclaims this place is known as "Shanssey's"... the proprietor being one John Shanssey. Wyatt dismounts and enters the drinking and gambling emporium.

INT. SHANSSEY'S - TEXAS - DAY

SHANSSEY is a big, tough Irish pug, an ex-fighter and now Saloon owner. He is behind the bar as Wyatt walks into this very tough saloon full of all the frontier types.

WYATT

John... John Shanssey...?

Shanssey turns and looks at Wyatt a beat before it registers.

SHANSSEY

Well... I'll be... Wyatt... How the hell are you?

WYATT

I saw the name out front but I didn't think it could be the same John Shanssey.

SHANSSEY

My gosh it's good to see you. What are you doin' in these parts. I thought you was Deputy Marshal in Dodge.

WYATT

I was till the city fathers forgot to renew my contract. Guess they figured I was too much of a hard ass.

SHANSSEY

Well you are Wyatt, everybody knows that. I hear they elected themselves a new City Marshal too.

WYATT

Yup.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANSSEY

Fellow named Masterson. Ed Masterson.

WYATT

Yup.

SHANSSEY

What's he like?

WYATT

(very dry)
Affable. Very affable... You got an office or some place where we can talk.

INT. SHANSSEY'S OFFICE - FT. GRIFFIN, TEXAS - DAY

Wyatt is showing Shanssey a wanted poster with a likeness of one Dave Rudabaugh on it wanted for train robbery.

WYATT

I'm working as a detective for the Sante Fe Railroad on this John... They're offering three thousand dollars reward for any information leading to the arrest of Dave Rudabaugh. He's robbed three of their trains and they'd like to put a stop to it.

SHANSSEY

He's been through here Wyatt... but where he went... that's another matter.

WYATT

Anybody around here you think might know?

SHANSSEY

Any number of people might know... but there aren't too many of them that wouldn't be too scared to tell you.

WYATT

Gotta be somebody.

SHANSSEY

Doc Holliday... He's here. He'd know and he's not scared of Rudabaugh or anyone else for that matter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WYATT
Holliday? He's a killer isn't he?

SHANSSEY
He hasn't killed anyone around here
Wyatt... least not today...

EXT. STREET - FORT GRIFFIN - DAY

Shanssey and Wyatt walk down the very bare street of this camp town. They enter a tent saloon.

INT. TENT SALOON - FORT GRIFFIN - DAY

Wyatt and Shanssey walk over to a table where a pale consumptive-looking man in a nicely tailored jacket and vest, with deep sunk eyes and sallow complexion sits with a water glass full of whiskey and a bottle beside that playing solitaire as it is still early in the day. This is DOC HOLLIDAY. He has a look sort of like Willem Dafoe or Chris Walken in "The Deerhunter."

SHANSSEY
Doc...

Doc looks up. There is something very dangerous looking baout
Doc.

DOC
John...

SHANSSEY
I'd like you to meet someone...
friend of mine from Dodge...

DOC
Dodge...? Nasty little town as far
as I recall... They had some local
constable there who walked around
like he had a cobb up his butt...
name of Burp or Slurp or some
damned thing.

Doc starts coughing, mildly at first and then a hacking spasm.

WYATT
(very evenly)
Earp... Wyatt Earp... how do you
do Doctor Holliday.

DOC
That was you wasn't it? The one
who liked to beat up drunken
cowboys?

Wyatt says nothing, just looks at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOC

Speaking as a drunkard myself I can tell you that I take offense at stories I've heard of you sir. I have in fact heard that you are a prig and a bully.

WYATT

Doctor Holliday, I need information about Dave Rudabaugh. There's a reward if that information leads to his arrest. If that's of interest to you we have reason to continue this conversation. Otherwise I'll leave you to your game.

The two men stare at each other a beat.

DOC

You keep callin' me... Doctor... not Doc... I am a dentist you know... That's not a nickname... I have a degree.

WYATT

So I understand.

DOC

It was just that I got tuberculosis and people didn't tolerate my coughing with their mouths open. So I uh took up gambling instead.

He starts coughing again and again it is mild at first and then he really hacks, covering his mouth with his right hand. He reaches for the bottle of whiskey and pours the empty water tumbler full and downs it and it stops his cough.

DOC

Well... you want information about Rudabaugh... I'll get some for you... you've got yourself a deal.

He coughs once again into his hand and then sticks it out to Wyatt.

DOC

Shake.

Wyatt looks down at the proffered hand and then shakes it looking straight into Doc's eyes.

DOC

(laughing)
Maybe you don't have a cobb up your butt after all Wyatt!

EXT. TENT SALOON - FORT GRIFFIN - DAY

Wyatt walks out of the tent saloon. He wipes his hand on his pant leg as he does so, shuddering.

CUT TO:

EXT. DODGE CITY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

SUPER THE WORDS: DODGE CITY, KANSAS

This is the same flashback we saw earlier when Bat was on the movie set. Bat walks down Front Street until he comes to a man named George.

BAT

George... you seen my brother?

CUT TO:

EXT. LADY GAY SALOON - DODGE CITY - NIGHT

Ed and his Deputy Nat come out of the saloon. Ed carries the gun in its holster.

NAT

I never seen no one could disarm a drunk with a couple of jokes like you can, Marshal.

ED

Well he was just blowin' off some steam...

Just then the doors to the saloon swing open behind them. Ed turns to see the two drunken cowboys emerging. Neither one of them seems to be armed. One's name is Wagner. The other is Walker. Wagner reaches into his coat and pulls out of nowhere a small pistol. He is roaring mean drunk.

WAGNER

Hey funny man, you missed this one you son of a bitch!

So saying he pushes the pistol straight into Ed's right side which is facing him. The gun goes off with a roar and Ed's clothes catch on fire from the shot having been fired at such close range. As he falls Ed pulls his own gun and fires a shot straight through Wagner's chest.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP OF BAT

He stands on Front Street having heard the shots and knowing instinctively that his brother has been shot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

he takes off at a run and up ahead of him sees Walker holding up the mortally wounded Wagner. Walker looks down at Ed and in a rage pulls out his own gun. He is about to fire when we hear a shot ring out and he is blown backwards as one shot and then another and another slam into him.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON - BAT

He is down on one knee and aiming carefully with his still smoking gun and fires off one more shot that blows away the other assailant. He is a very deliberate man. With his gun still out and covering the now dead cowboys he approaches his fallen brother. Nat meanwhile pulls out his gun almost like Fredo in "The Godfather" when the old Don is shot... too little... too late. Bat bends down to his slain brother and looks back up at Nat sounding an awful lot like Wyatt.

BAT

Put your gun away Nat... It might go off...

Then his voice breaks and he shakes his head as the tears come and he cradles his brother in his arms.

BAT

Ed... Oh God...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FORT GRIFFIN - DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT

EXT. WELLS FARGO OFFICE - FORT GRIFFIN - DAY

We SEE Wyatt inside reading a telegram.

INT. WELLS FARGO OFFICE - FORT GRIFFIN - DAY

Wyatt reads the telegram.

WYATT (V.O.)

(reading to himself)

To Wyatt Earp, care of Santa Fe Railroad head office, stop. Marshal Ed Masterson killed by cowboys, stop. Lawlessness near riot proportions, stop. Request you return immediately to Dodge City, stop. Will renew your previous contract as Assistant City Marshal at double salary, stop. Signed James Kelly, Mayor.

EXT. DODGE CITY - DEAD LINE - NIGHT

A sign is posted here which states that the carrying of firearms north of this line which runs along with the railroad tracks just south of Front Street is strictly prohibited by City Ordinance and that those who do so are subject to immediate arrest. The entire area of Front Street north of the line is filled with drunken cowboys, almost all of them armed, almost all of them shooting their weapons off at one point or another. Windows are being shot out, women are heard screaming, the town is in the grips of drunken cowboys running wild.

INT. CITY MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DODGE CITY - NIGHT

Wyatt is there with Bat, his brother JIM MASTERSON and Wyatt's brother Morgan and a gent by the name of LUKE SHORT and CHARLIE BASSETT and BILL TILGHMAN. They all load their sidearms and several of them take out shot guns and load them as well. All the law officers are grim faced as Wyatt looks up and says...

WYATT

Let's go.

EXT. DODGE CITY - FRONT STREET - NIGHT

Drunken cowboys are partying in the streets and on the sidewalks of Front Street, breaking out windows and fighting one another when out of the shadows walking resolutely down the street we SEE Wyatt and his deputies walking down both sides of the street. Without words or warning of any kind they simply knock out any cowboy wearing a gun in their path. They then pick up their guns and put them in a gunnysack Jim Masterson carries.

INT. LONG BRANCH SALOON - DODGE CITY - NIGHT

The saloon is full of drunken cowboys. The place is ransacked, furniture is broken and the poor piano player is suspended from a chandelier. Suddenly there is the roar of a shot gun blast. All eyes turn toward the door where Wyatt stands. Morgan, Bat and Jim and Charlie and Luke come in from various locations with shot guns and or side arms drawn as well.

WYATT

My name is Wyatt Earp... It all ends now!

EXT. LONG BRANCH SALOON - NIGHT

Jim Masterson stands at the door with his open gunnysack into which each of the cowboys puts his weapon as they pass out of the double doors under the gaze of Wyatt and Morgan who prod them along with shot guns.

EXT. DODGE CITY - DAY

Doc drives in a buckboard into town past broken windows and a line of cowboys who march like prisoners of war under the gaze of Morgan Earp and Luke Short who hold shot guns on them as they literally march them out of town. Doc is amazed as he sees all this that looks more like the aftermath of a small war than anything else.

DOC

What the hell happened here anyway.

One of the mournful cowboys in the P.O.W. line looks up at him.

MOURNFUL COWBOY

Wyatt Earp... that's what happened.

Doc turns to KATE and smiles.

DOC

You got to love a guy like that.

Kate speaks with a slight Hungarian accent.

KATE

Only if he pays me.

DOC

(laughing)

Oh Kate! Darling Kate... you're one in a... dozen or so, give or take...

Doc shakes the reins and the wagon moves down Front Street.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LONG BRANCH SALOON - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

INT. LONG BRANCH SALOON - NIGHT

Doc sits at a table playing poker. Kate sits in on the game as well smoking a cigar. There is a tremendous hubbub outside as citizens of Dodge march through the streets carrying torches. Doc crosses over to the window and looks out and turns back to some of his poker companions, one of them being the same George introduced earlier in the untimely demise of Ed Masterson, and a middle-aged banker type named BEN.

DOC

Very colorful. Are torchlight parades a regular feature of the cultural life here in Dodge? It seems positively teutonic if you ask me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GEORGE

What? Oh... that... no I expect that's just some of the gentry who are worked up about this fella Johnny O'Roark... the one they call Johnny Behind the Deuce.

DOC

What about him?

GEORGE

Nothin' much... I expect they're just gonna hang him is all.

KATE

Thank God... I was afraid maybe is something serious like a temperance movement or the wives marching against prostitution.

DOC

Now now my dear. It appears to be little more than a lynching so we're both safe. Though I doubt that they'll get their little parade past the village constabulary.

GEORGE

Ain't no constabulary left in town to speak of aside from Earp.

DOC

What do you mean?

BEN

Well just that the Masterson brothers and Earp's brother and Bassett and Tilghman and the rest went up to Fort Leavenworth to bring back those seven Indians from Dull Knife's raiding party to stand trial. So Wyatt's the only one left in town.

INT. DODGE CITY JAIL - NIGHT

In his cell JOHNNY O'ROARKE stands on his bunk and looks out the barred window at the crowd moving down the street towards the jail.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

O'ROARKE

Earp! Marshal Earp! They're
comin'! Must be close to a hundred
of 'em. Earp... you got to give me
a gun!

INT. DODGE CITY JAIL - MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Wyatt is loading up a shot gun.

WYATT

(calm)
Can't do that Johnny... You're an
outlaw.

Wyatt then puts an extra six gun in his belt so that now he is
armed with two pistols and the scatter gun.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF JAIL - DODGE CITY - NIGHT

The lynch mob comes down the street toward the jail headed by a
heavyset man named DICK GARTH.

REVERSE ANGLE - THE JAIL

The door opens and out steps Wyatt holding the shot gun in his
hand, his jacket off so that his six gun and the extra one in his
belt are plainly visible. The mob approaches.

WYATT

Hi... Nice mob you got here Mister Garth.

GARTH

We want Johnny O'Roarke.

WYATT

Get set for disappointment then.

GARTH

He killed one of my men.

WYATT

And that's what he'll stand trial
for.

GARTH

Maybe we'll just save the county
the expense of holding a trial.

WYATT

You can try but then the county
will have to reimburse me the
expense of shot gun shells.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARTH

Why you arrogant son of a bitch.
You think you can stop all of us?

Just then we HEAR a slightly drunken voice ringing out.

DOC (O.S.)

That's tellin' 'em Fatso.

The crowd turns to see who is talking and out steps Doc, his coat back behind his two guns. Wyatt turns in amazement at Doc.

DOC

'Course he can't stop all of you...
I figure five or six at the most
will go down from that scatter gun
and taking up as much space as you
do it would be difficult not to hit
you... Mister... Girth was it?

GARTH

Garth... the name is Garth...

DOC

Mine's Holliday... I'm a dentist.

Doc smiles a perfectly lovely smile which spells death. A murmur goes up through the crowd as people realize this is the legendary killer.

DOC

Then twelve more will die from
Mister Earp's sidearms, and...
twelve more from mine... so what
are we saying then... only thirty
of you will grace the obituary
pages... What the hell... sounds
right to me... Let's get
started... what do you say...
Who's first...

ANGLE ON

One edgy cowboy who is sure Doc is bluffing. His hand moves inside his coat pocket and comes out with a gun that he almost gets a chance to fire, though not quite because Doc draws and fires and kills him.

DOC

Okay... who's second?

The crowd begins to face their mortality, men looking at each other and wondering if this is worth the price.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOC

Come on you syphillitic pimps, you sons of whores, you walking pustules, you sty-ridden scum suckers! Come on you heroes! I've got consumption! I'm dead anyway... which of you is comin' with me!?

The crowd backs off. Doc calls out for Johnny's benefit.

DOC

Don't worry Johnny m'lad... The candlelight choir are all going home...

He turns to Wyatt.

DOC

You're a brave man Earp... I admire that.

Wyatt scratches his head looking at Doc.

WYATT

You're a... piece of work yourself Doc.

INT. MATTIE'S BEDROOM - DODGE CITY - NIGHT

MATTIE BLAYLOCK is not a beautiful woman, not even what you would call pretty... attractive... possibly... if you were a lonely man... if you weren't particular and were just looking for any port in the storm... or if perhaps you were looking for the kind of woman with whom you knew you didn't want to have an emotional connection. Mattie is in bed. Wyatt stands by her dresser tucking his shirt into his trousers. Mattie is much enamored of Wyatt.

MATTIE

Do you have to go?

WYATT

Yes... I have some paperwork that needs to be done.

He takes some money out of his pocket and puts it... very respectfully on her dresser top. Mattie watches sadly.

MATTIE

You don't need to do that... I told you that before Wyatt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WYATT

(with difficulty)

Well I... appreciate that Mattie
but uhh...

MATTIE

I care about you Wyatt... It's not
like it is with anybody else... I
care a lot about you.

WYATT

I'm very... fond of you too
Mattie...

MATTIE

I could make you happy Wyatt... if
you'd give me a chance... I know I
could..

Wyatt stands there looking very confused.

WYATT

I... I don't know what you want me
to say Mattie... I... I look
forward to seeing you but I... I
won't tell you things that aren't
so.

MATTIE

We could leave here Wyatt... You
could get a job anywhere... You're
so smart you could do anything you
set your mind to and I could be a
wife to you... I could be a real
wife... a helpmate... I could give
you children Wyatt and...

Wyatt crosses to her as she starts crying.

MATTIE

(continuing)

I swear I love you Wyatt... I swear
I do.

WYATT

Mattie... I don't want to cause you
pain... I'm very fond of you and if
seeing me causes you pain I...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATTIE

No... No... You're about the only thing in my life that's not painful to me... and... I'll be anything you want me to be Wyatt... only don't leave money on my dresser please... unless it's... unless it's cause you want to take care of me. Is that what it is Wyatt? Is that how you mean it?

WYATT

Mattie... sure... sure... that's how I mean it.

EXT. BOARDING HOUSE - DAY

Wyatt exits the boarding house where Mattie lives shaking his head.

WYATT

(to himself)

Damn...

Wyatt continues walking down the street. Suddenly there appears at his side a portly gentleman of middle age in a vested three piece suit with a derby hat. He is a large gentleman, obviously from the East by his dress but not weak in appearance, nor soft, sharklike is more like it. His name is EDWARD JUDSON, but the world knows him by his pen name, NED BUNTLINE.

NED

Excuse me Mister Earp,
correction... Marshal Earp?

WYATT

Yes.

NED

Marshal Wyatt Earp?

WYATT

That is my name... Mister...?

NED

Judson, Edward Zane Carroll Judson.
The name is not familiar to you I take it.

WYATT

No... can't say that it is.

(CONTINUED)

WYATT EARP

CONTINUED:

NED

That is because, dear Marshal Earp, I am better known by my nom d'plume as it were. Let me ask sir if you are acquainted with the name Buffalo Bill Cody?

WYATT

You're Buffalo Bill?

NED

In a very real sense, an almost, if you will, transcendental sense, may I say, I am indeed... just as I am Wild Bill Hickok, or any of the literally hundreds of other characters about whom I have written. I am sir, Buntline... Ned Buntline.

He finishes with a flourish. Wyatt looks at him blankly.

WYATT

Well... that... well... pleasure to meet you.

NED

Marshal Earp, may I buy you a drink?

WYATT

Well Mister...

NED

Buntline...

WYATT

Well Mister Buntline... I don't drink.

Buntline all but swoons.

NED

The western hero doesn't drink, oh be still my heart... Coffee perhaps... lemonade... something... a cup of cheer over which we may discuss business and at which I can present you with a small gift I have commissioned to be made for yourself and Bat Masterson?

INT. LONG BRANCH SALOON - DAY

Wyatt and Bat sit at a table with Ned. They are in mid-conversation.

BAT

You want us to come back East with you and be in some kinda side show.

NED

Side show? Perish the thought... Side show connotes cheap hucksterism and fakery... No sir I am talking about an historical drama... a western Henry the Fourth, an Iliad of the Frontier if you will. The saga of Dodge City and her lawmen. Buffalo Bill starred in a drama with me only last season... made a fortune gentlemen... an absolute fortune. And Hickok... assigned to me the rights to his exploits to be written in novella form... another fortune gentlemen... and neither of them, let me say it now, neither Hickok, nor Cody, are possessed of the same charismatic personnae that you two magnificent Paladins possess in such abundance.

There is dead silence as Bat and Ned and Wyatt regard one another.

WYATT

(tentatively)

Mister...

NED

Buntline...

WYATT

Mister Buntline...

NED

Yes Marshal Earp?

WYATT

Thanks for the coffee...

He gets up to leave.

NED

That's it... thanks for the coffee and good bye... You won't even consider my offer?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wyatt considers for a moment and then...

WYATT

I already have, sir.

NED

(unfazed)

Ah yes.... well... Nor can I blame you... For you do not know me... but perhaps this will speak for me... a token for you both... nay more than a token... a mythic weapon... no less destined to become part of your legend than Excalibur was to King Arthur... to wit...

He reaches under the table and pulls out two long cases and hands one each to Bat and Wyatt.

NED

Two magnificent revolvers each with a barrel twelve inches in length designed by me and engraved with my name... Ned... on each.

They open the cases and see two Buntline Specials.

NED

An invention of my own creation... made for me to my specifications by the Colt firearms company... The Buntline Special... The perfect modern day sword for two knights errant of the frontier. No strings attached... accept them as tokens of my esteem.

EXT. WELLS FARGO - DODGE CITY

A stage coach stands outside the Wells Fargo office. Ned is getting aboard it saying good-bye to Bat and Wyatt.

NED

Well... I'm sorry we couldn't do business gentlemen... Let me know if you change your minds.

BAT

We certainly will sir... and thanks once again for the guns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NED

Not at all and when you fire them
at some desperado... think of
Ned... Adieu.

With an almost Elizabethan wave he gets into the stage coach.

CUT TO:

EXT. STAGE COACH - DAY

Wyatt is riding shot gun on a stage coach that is being pursued by robbers. Wyatt fires back at the bad guys some of whom fall, other of whom continue to pursue him. It is a classic Western scene. Wyatt fires his Winchester until it is out of shells and then he pulls the Buntline Special and with its long barrel it proves to be deadly.

EXT. WAY STATION - DAY

The stage with Wyatt on it pulls up at a way station. The stage coach is somewhat riddled with bullets as Wyatt and the driver pull in. Wyatt hops down and the manager of the way station, LUCAS by name, sort of a Strother Martin type character comes out to meet him. There is a newspaper in his back pocket.

WYATT

We been hit Lucas... twice! I
don't know what the hell's goin' on
out there...

LUCAS

I expect you'll be hit a few more
times too 'fore you reach Topeka.

WYATT

What are you talking about?

Lucas pulls out the newspaper and shows it to Wyatt. There is a full page ad which Wyatt reads aloud to himself in growing disgust.

WYATT

Ship your valuables with
confidence. Our Overland Stage
carrying mail and GOLD BULLION will
be guarded personally by none other
than the famous Western hero Dodge
City's own Assistant City Marshal
Wyatt Earp! Judas Priest!

EXT. TOPEKA, KANSAS - DAY

Wyatt's stage which is now shot to pieces drives into Topeka to the stares of her townsfolk. Wyatt is filthy and wounded in his arm which is tied up with a bandana. Wyatt, in a cold fury jumps down and strides over to the Wells Fargo office.

INT. WELLS FARGO OFFICE - TOPEKA - DAY

Wyatt enters the office still carrying his rifle looking as if he's ready to kill the STATION MANAGER.

WYATT

My name's Earp. I just delivered
your freight.

He pulls out the newspaper and tosses it on the station manager's desk.

WYATT

We got hit eight times because of
this. Eight times on one run!

He grabs the station manager by the shirt.

WYATT

You owe me seventy-five dollars.

STATION MANAGER

Yes sir... right... right away...

WYATT

(letting him go)
And another thirty-seven dollars
and fifty-two cents for the extra
shells.

EXT. DODGE CITY - DAY

A fresh stage pulls in and stops. Wyatt gets out of it and walks over to the Marshal's office.

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DODGE CITY - DAY

Bat is there filling out reports. He looks up and smiles.

BAT

Read about you in the paper
Wyatt...

WYATT

(taking off his badge)
Tell the Mayor I quit.

BAT

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WYATT

I've had it with the law business
Bat. I've had it with bein'
famous. I've had it with Dodge and
I've had it with the whole state of
Kansas. I'm gettin' my brothers
and goin' someplace where I won't
get shot at and not have nothin' to
show for it.

BAT

Yeah? Where's that?

WYATT

Arizona... lot of money in Arizona
Bat... lot of opportunity... A man
can make a handsome living in
Arizona.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DIRT ROAD LEADING INTO TOMBSTONE - DAY

The land is hard and dry, hot and dusty with mesquite bushes and palo Christi or crown of thorn bushes competing for what moisture they can suck out of the dust. Several vultures feed on the carcass of a wild dog lying, evidently run over, in the middle of the wagon track. We HEAR the sound of horse hooves clip clopping our way and the sound of a large wagon approaching. The vultures look up almost lackadaisically. Wagons come and go. They'll be back. They take off into the air at the very last moment as the wagon drawn by a team of four horses runs across the carcass of the dead dog as well. Thump, thump, the broken animal, the dust swirling, the wagon rides off into the distance and then the vultures are back to rip more meat from the carcass as OVER this we HEAR the smooth talking politician's bombast and balm of MAYOR ALDER RANDALL.

RANDALL (V.O.)

Opppor... tu... nity... and not
just any opportunity...

NEW ANGLE - ON THE WAGON PROCEEDING DOWN THE DIRT ROAD

It is a covered wagon though, outside of the usual Conestoga shape one can see that this is not used for carting your typical pioneer stock. Inside the wagon are six, shapely French whores, complaining of the dust in French and excited that they are soon to reach their destination. On the side of the wagon we SEE a sign which shows a drawing of a young belle in a low-cut gown with a shapely arm holding a bunch of grapes up to be sucked off the stem. Under the portrait is the caption: "Mme. Le Deau's... Our Recommendation - Ask Any Man." OVER THIS WE SUPER THE WORDS -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOMBSTONE ARIZONA TERRITORY - JULY 4, 1880.

RANDALL (V.O.)
(continuing)
But the opportunity of a
lifetime...

The wagon load of whores rolls down the road toward Tombstone while the vultures go back to feed.

EXT. ALLEN STREET - TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA - DAY

Our wagon load of whores is about to take us down the length of Allen Street the main drag of Tombstone. Beginning at First and Allen and running to Third and Allen is what was known as HOPTOWN. This was Tombstone's thriving Chinatown.

As the wagon rolls down the road the French girls point and poke one another with various unintelligible exclamations, laughs and giggles at this exotic city. The signs are almost all in Chinese as well as English. There are Chinese Joss Houses, mercantile stores, herb stores and laundries, restaurants and grocery stores. All the Chinese are in traditional dress with the long pig tail and fez-like cap. The women who scurry back and forth subserviently all have the bound feet of that generation. Here and there people squat over coal stoves preparing pungent smelling meats, dumpling dough hangs like laundry and various celestials scream at one another at the top of their lungs in various dialects, most of them from the Sam Yap and Sze Yap areas of China. The Joss House is flanked by carved dragons with large mahogany doors and jade carvings. The place is a bustle of activity with wagons going to and fro as over this we continue to HEAR the voice of Mayor Randall:

RANDALL (V.O.)
That is the gift of the west to the
rugged individualist... Freedom to
pursue opportunity bounded only by
the limits of one's own ambition.

The wagon load of whores now moves through the business district of downtown Tombstone, past names that are emblazoned into the collective media memory of the West; The Oriental Saloon, The Occidental Saloon, the Longhorn and the Alhambra, the Crystal Palace and the O.K. Corral.

The town teems with activity, the activity of servicing miners and gamblers and all their needs. There are two sets of banners across the street. One says: "HAPPY FOURTH OF JULY!!!" The other says: "CHINKS GO BACK TO CHINA! JOHN CHINAMAN MUST GO!"

CUT TO:

INT. MAISON D'OREE RESTAURANT - TOMBSTONE - DAY

This restaurant is Tombstone's finest and it would be an elegant one anywhere in the world. The furnishings are the finest, the service and silver the best that money can buy, waitresses in starched blouses and black skirts, like French maids silently refilling cups of coffee as Tombstone's best businessmen are seated facing a head table made up of the Mayor and City Councilmen including distinguished and fifty-ish MIKE GRAY, and Marshal FRED WHITE. At the center of the head table stands MAYOR RANDALL. He is pausing in his speech to take a sip of water. Behind him is a banner which reads:

WELCOME TO THE MAYOR'S 4TH OF JULY BREAKFAST

RANDALL

Tombstone has gone from mining camp to town, from town to fastest growing city west of the Mississippi.

Someone yells out from the crowd:

SOMEONE

(yelling out)

And the richest too!

RANDALL

Rich not only in silver but in the democratic spirit of its citizens. Now you are all invited to the fireworks display this evening, where in addition to pyrotechnics there will be several interesting and informative speakers addressing the problem of the Chinese menace in this city and I can think of no more appropriate holiday for such a discussion than this, the founding of our nation... our nation... not theirs... So eat up, Happy Fourth of July... And God Bless America.

Several shouts are heard of GOD BLESS AMERICA.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RANCH - DAY

This should look like a cross between a Remington portrait of Cowboy life and a Norman Rockwell litho of a real Western American barbecue. There are sides of beef roasting on spits over open flames as Chinese cooks pour on plenty of barbecue sauce and other Chinese pull corn bread from outdoor ovens. Cowboys have slicked their hair down and are trying to look their best.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There is a long table set with checked table cloth piled high with the bounty of the West, steaks, ribs, corn bread, beans, pies and cakes and cold beer in buckets.

Black and Mexican and Chinese servants scurry around setting up this feast. At the center of all the activity and an almost wholly male dominion with the exception of a few Chinese and Mexican women helping out we see an imposing figure of a man. He is bearded like a biblical patriarch and appears to be in his late fifties or early sixties.

He wears a vest and suit and gold watch chain, a dignified man obviously respected and obeyed by the three young men who call him Pa with no small amount of respect and possibly fear. The youngest of the boys is BILLY whom their father NEWMAN seems to favor. Billy and his brothers are all in their early twenties from the looks of them. With the imposing father and three stalwart sons these could be the Cartwrights.

NEWMAN

Are there enough places set
William?

BILLY

Yes Pa.

NEWMAN

You sure? You counted?

BILLY

Yes Pa.

NEWMAN

Isaac... straighten your tie.

The one referred to as ISAAC just shoots a glowering look at his father.

NEWMAN

Straighten your tie... these are
important men. They have to know
that we're not some sort of
bumpkins... They have to know that
we can be businessmen together.
They have to respect us.

Just then another of the boys, PHINN points off at a buckboard approaching through the ranch gate.

PHINN

Look Pa!

Newman looks at the buckboard and then pulls out his watch and looks at it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEWMAN

Look at that. You could set your watch by their arrival. Those are businessmen. Great things can come of this...

The one earlier referred to as Isaac whom we will call IKE, speaks out of the corner of his mouth.

IKE

My ass.

Newman turns to him having just heard the comment and looks at his son for the tiniest moment and then picks a burning log out of the fire and hits Ike square in the side of the head with it, sending Ike sprawling and screaming in pain just as the buckboard pulls up and Randall and Mike Gray whom we saw earlier at the Mayor's breakfast and DIXIE LEE GRAY, Mike's rather frail and limping twenty-year-old son alight from their buckboard. They look somewhat aghast at Newman's sudden violence against his own offspring. Newman himself is embarrassed and tries to cover it with his philosophy of child rearing.

NEWMAN

Spare the rod, spoil the child.

EXT. RANCH - THE COOKOUT - DAY

All the guests are standing around at the cookout. Newman is making the introductions.

NEWMAN

I'd like to... on behalf of my sons and myself... welcome our guests to our ranch... Mayor Alder Randall and Councilman Mike Gray... formerly Lieutenant Gray I might add.

A handsome young man named JOHNNY looks up.

JOHNNY

Little old to be a Lieutenant in the Army if you don't mind the observation.

MIKE

Not at all. I was a Lieutenant in the Texas Rangers.

Looks go back and forth between the various cowboys as they look as if they have been betrayed by the presence of a Texas Ranger. There is an awkward silence. There is a great deal of tension between the two factions and a sense that this newly forming alliance could fall apart at any moment. Johnny who seems like a decent enough sort continues.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHNNY

Uh... we've killed a number of Texas Rangers. I hope that's not gonna be a problem.

MIKE

Business is business.

NEWMAN

By God that's what I say!

Newman looks around at the others smiling at the profundity of his guest, hoping to hold both factions together.

EXT. CLANTON RANCH - COOKOUT - DAY

Randall, Mike Gray and Dixie Lee stand on one side of the table getting their food chuck wagon style while Clanton and the others stand on the other side a ways off, getting their fixings.

ANGLE ON RANDALL AND MIKE GRAY

Randall whispers to Mike.

RANDALL

Those two hyenas are Frank and Tom McLaury. The one who looks like a pimp is Johnny Ringo and that one over there who looks like he's a homicidal maniac is one... Curly Bill Brocious.

MIKE

(whispering)
Who are the other three degenerates?

RANDALL

Old Man Clanton's kids. Ike, Billy and Phinn Clanton.

MIKE

Well there is something to say for breeding.

He looks up and smiles over at Old Man Clanton and his faction.

ANGLE ON - NEWMAN, CURLY BILL AND JOHNNY RINGO

They stare over at Mike, Randall and Dixie Lee. Curly Bill snarling sadistically sotto voce

CURLY BILL

Who's the cripple?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEWMAN

That's Gray's gimpy kid, Dixie Lee.

The three of them smile over at Mike, Randall and Dixie Lee.
This is a gathering of sharks.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE TABLE

as all the gents are in mid-meal with more buckets of beer being brought up.

RANDALL

These steaks are... first rate...
really wonderful.

CURLY BILL

They ought to be. Those weren't
from Mexican steers. We stole
those in Texas.

Newman speaks quickly to cover the faux pas.

NEWMAN

Not from any of your ranches I
trust Mister Gray.

MIKE

I'm out of the ranching business
Newman... Got tired of shooting
rustlers...

There is silence and then laughter.

THE TABLE

The men now eat pumpkin pie. A Chinese servant comes around with
coffee.

MIKE

None for me thanks... I'm full...
Well shall we get down to business.

CURLY BILL

Sounds good to me. What's this
crap about I can't kill Wyatt Earp?
I want to kill Wyatt Earp and I
don't see how it's any business of
yours.

MIKE

(to servant)

Maybe I will have just another
slice of pie. It's awfully good.
And some more coffee.

(CONTINUED)

WYATT EARP

CONTINUED:

He looks to Curly Bill.

MIKE

I'm sorry... you were saying.

CURLY BILL

I was saying I want to kill Wyatt Earp, an' I don't see what business it is of yours!

MIKE

Could you pass the sugar please?

Tom passes it.

TOM

Here you go.

MIKE

Thank you.

NEWMAN

Would you like some milk in that Mike?

MIKE

Yes please thank you.

CURLY BILL

(impatient)

Okay how 'bout you have your coffee and pie and I'll kill Earp and we'll just go on to the next item of business.

MIKE

In answer to your question, Curly Bill... Do you mind if I just call you Curly?

CURLY BILL

(getting deadly)

Mister, you're startin' to rub me the wrong way.

MIKE

In answer to your question about what business it is of mine about who you kill... I am here proposing that we become partners. If we are partners in business, then what you do affects me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CURLY BILL

Well my business is stealing cattle and robbing stage coaches. And that S.O.B. Earp rides shot gun on those stage coaches. And as long as he's riding shot gun my people are ascares to hold it up. So I want to kill him and I don't see what the big deal about that is.

NEWMAN

The big deal is, you kill Wyatt Earp and you've got James and Morgan and Virgil Earp to deal with... and Doc Holliday and you've got yourself a nice little war.

MIKE

Old Man Clanton is right. Now we have business Bill, big business, important business... too important to be disturbed by starting a range war with men who are so dangerous that one of them with a shot gun keeps a whole gang at bay.

CURLY BILL

Well Mister I ain't seen a dime from your business yet. I know what robbin' stage coaches brings in... All I heard from you is talk.

MIKE

How much can you get in a stage coach robbery Bill?

CURLY BILL

If its got a mine payroll on it... shoot... ten... fifteen... could be as much as twenty thousand dollars.

MIKE

Well the business I'm proposing gentlemen is worth four... six... maybe as much as ten million dollars... maybe more...

The cowboys look from one to the other.

NEWMAN

Great things boys... great things.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

We'll find a way to get Mister Earp off your stage Bill without disturbing our plans. Maybe we can offer the proper hint and Mister Earp will learn to take it.

CURLY BILL

A bullet through the brain's a hint in any man's language, far as I'm concerned.

MIKE

Think big... Curly... The Earps are small change.

CUT TO:

EXT. VIRGIL EARP'S HOUSE - FREMONT STREET - TOMBSTONE - DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT

The house, which still stands to this day, is a pleasant little structure, an 1880s version of a very comfortable middle class tract home, with a porch out front and a pleasant back yard protected by a fence.

EXT. BACK YARD OF VIRGIL EARP'S HOUSE - TOMBSTONE - DAY

There are two tables set up in the back yard. One has a tablecloth and is being filled by the Earp women (ALLIE, the large, friendly looking type, BESSIE, an old whore with a heart of gold, and LOU, a young blonde beauty who is totally intimidated by her sisters-in-law and completely in love with Morgan) with food and drink. The other has ledgers spread out on it and around it are four men all in their shirt sleeves. Three of the men are intent upon the one man who is bent over the ledgers. This individual is Wyatt. Around him and looking at the figures over his shoulder are James, Virgil, and Morgan. Lou crosses over to him and sweetly puts her arms around his shoulders.

LOU

Morg honey... supper's ready...
Come on Sweetie.

ANGLE ON BESSIE

BESSIE

I'm gonna spit up.

BACK TO SCENE

MORGAN

Be right there Lou Darlin'... we
got business.

ALLIE

Virg...

VIRGIL

In a second Allie...

BESSIE

To hell with them... I say we
eat...

JAMES

(about Bessie)

That's my girl...

Bessie reaches for a piece of chicken and Allie slaps at her
hand.

MATTIE

(sharply)

Wyatt... the food's on the table.

Wyatt looks up. He does not like being spoken to in this fashion
and we can see there is a strain to say the least in his
relationship with his wife.

WYATT

(quiet but effective)

Good Mattie... That way we'll know
where to find it when we're
finished...

He looks back to his brothers.

WYATT

All right... in mining claims we
have the Mountain Maid Mine, the
Earp Mine, the Grasshopper, the
Dodge, the Mattie Blaylock...

LOU

Morg honey how come you never named
a mine after me...

BESSIE

They will. They'll call the next
one the Idiot...

MORGAN

Bessie... damn it...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAMES

Shut up Bessie... have a drink...

VIRGIL

Go ahead Wyatt.

WYATT

The Mattie Blaylock, the Comstock, Rocky Ridge and the Long Branch... of those we're just about fifty-fifty with mines that are producing as we are with mines that are...

ALLIE

Worthless...

WYATT

That are not yet producing...

JAMES

In other words we ain't seen a dime's profit out of the mines...

BESSIE

Not in other words James... those are the words.

WYATT

In liquidity we have Virgil's pay as Deputy Federal Marshal for Southern Arizona... My pay from Wells Fargo, James' pay as a bartender...

MATTIE

Which he drinks up before any...

BESSIE

Oh why don't you just...

ALLIE

Quiet the both of you. They're talkin' about money now.

WYATT

And Morg's down working the claims so... that's that... In addition we own one whole Faro game and a quarter interest in a Faro bank at the Long Branch, and we have five thousand dollars to invest.

BESSIE

Why can't we just split it up and each do what we want...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WYATT

(ignoring her)
What we have to decide is how we invest it.

BESSIE

Is that why you got no sense of humor Wyatt, cause you're deaf? I said why don't we just split it up. We got things we need, James and me.

LOU

And the truth is I got a feeling we might need to add on to our house in awhile...

MORGAN

Lou... you mean...

LOU

Well not yet, but we're tryin' all the time aren't we honey?

BESSIE

I am gonna spit up... Well what about it James... why don't you just ask for our cut...

JAMES

Bessie... it's not that simple... it's...

BESSIE

Then I'll ask for it... or to hell with that we ought to just take it.

VIRGIL

We didn't all come out here to split up stakes Bessie.

MORGAN

We came out here to stick together.

BESSIE

Why!? Huh?! That's what I want to know! Why?! Why's it always got to be the brothers this and the brothers that... James... Why can't it just be you and me...

She looks at the other women.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BESSIE

They might not be sayin' it but the others think the same as me... we're your wives. Don't we count more than the damned brothers!?

WYATT

No Bessie... you don't.

There is an awkward silence. Wyatt looks over at Bessie with dead cold eyes.

WYATT

(very quiet)
Wives come and go. That's the plain truth of it. They run off...

He looks over at Virge and at James.

WYATT

(continuing)
Or they die...

He looks down, a wave of sadness over him. Mattie averts her eyes, shakes her head crying and then goes back inside. Allie looks at Mattie leave.

ALLIE

You're a cold man Wyatt... God forgive you... are you cold...

She goes into the house after Mattie. Wyatt takes a breath. Then he looks back up at his brothers.

WYATT

(hoarse)
We have five thousand dollars to invest...

VIRGIL

Well... I think we ought to buy land... lot prices are goin' up to almost two thousand dollars apiece.

WYATT

To me that land speculation is just plain risky... I think we ought to stick to gambling. Gambling's always steady income.

Just then we hear...

DOC (O.S.)

Wyatt you cobb, it's a holiday... quit talking about money.

ANGLE ON DOC HOLLIDAY

Next to him is Big Nosed Kate.

KATE

What's Mattie cryin' for... her
lost youth? Doc honey... get me a
drink, yeah?

MORGAN

We were just talking about family
finances Doc, so maybe...

DOC

Well if you want my advice you'll
open a brothel. It's what my
darling Kate here did and I for one
have never regretted it for an
instant.

Lou blushes as Morgan cracks up and Doc picks up a bottle of
whiskey pours two glasses, hands one to Kate and drains the
other.

DOC

A votre sante...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. VIRGIL EARP'S HOUSE - DAY

Mattie sits by the window as Wyatt enters the house and crosses
to her. She has been crying.

WYATT

I'm sorry if I hurt you Mattie with
anything I said. It wasn't my
intent.

She turns to him.

MATTIE

(with sudden urgency)
Let's have children Wyatt...

WYATT

Mattie...

MATTIE

You're always talkin' about
family... ain't ya?

WYATT

This isn't the...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATTIE

Then let's have children of our own... if family's so all fired important... let's have a family... our family... our children Wyatt... yours and mine... before I'm too old for it... before I dry up inside... I can feel it Wyatt... inside of me... drying up and dying... I want to have your children.

WYATT

(after a pause)

Children aren't part of the bargain Mattie... They never were.

HOLD ON Wyatt a beat as Maggie slowly breaks down and cries.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JOHNNY BEHAN'S HOUSE - TOMBSTONE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

INT. JOHNNY BEHAN'S HOUSE - TOMBSTONE - DAY

JOHNNY BEHAN is a bandy little Irishman, a dapper gent who fancies himself a lady killer. He is a bit drunk and he fiddles with a box camera talking to someone off screen... Johnny is about forty.

BEHAN

Why don't you just... take your hair down Josie... Take it down.

ANGLE ON - JOSIE

She is nineteen-years-old and unbelievably beautiful, a petite girl with perfect skin, huge dark eyes and long dark hair which she begins to unpin. She wears a dressing gown showing just a bit of cleavage. She begins unpinning her hair and letting it fall down about her shoulders.

JOSIE

Johnny I don't know why you want to...

BEHAN

Cause it's fun... ain't it? I think it is... 'sides I want a picture of you Darlin'... we're gonna be married... we're gonna be man and wife... I want the kind of picture from you that...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOSIE

That what?

BEHAN

That only a husband ever sees of
his wife...

She shakes her hair loose and looks up at him. But something is
troubling her.

JOSIE

Johnny... I'm scared...

BEHAN

Josie... honey... it's just a
picture...

JOSIE

No... I'm not scared of that...
I'm scared of tonight. This whole
Chinese thing... There could be
trouble... couldn't there?

BEHAN

It's a political speech darlin' at
the behest of some of the most
influential men not just in the
city but in the whole territory...
I'm doin' it for us darlin' Josie
girl... so we can be married...

JOSIE

It still scares me...

BEHAN

Oh I know what you're thinkin'...
I start talkin' about a white
Christian America and where does
that leave you... bein' a Jew and
all..?

JOSIE

Where does that leave me Johnny?

BEHAN

It leaves you right by my side...
Mrs. Johnny Behan. Trust me
darlin' I'm doin' this for us... I
love you darlin'... only you...
always you...

He kisses her and then goes back to the camera.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEHAN

Why don't you open up that little gown a little darlin'... No one will ever see this picture but me... it's for me darlin'... just for me.

ANGLE ON JOSIE

She looks him square in the eye.

JOSIE

Is this what you want?

From the back we see her let the whole gown fall. It is above and beyond what Johnny wanted. He snaps the pictures and the tray of gun powder explodes with a blinding light.

EXT. CLANTON RANCH - SUNSET

The sunset is beautiful. The cowboys are drunk all except for Mike and Old Man Clanton. The two are off talking by themselves.

NEWMAN

I'm very pleased with the business we've done today, Mike. There's a real foundation for greatness here.

MIKE

Good... I'm glad you feel that way Newman... I think it would be a good idea though if my boy Dixie were to begin riding with you.

NEWMAN

You don't trust me?

MIKE

Of course not Newman.

Newman laughs...

NEWMAN

Finally... a kindred spirit... I could weep with joy. Fine Mike... Dixie Lee will be welcome with me. He can ride with me and report to you... and I'll treat him as if he were my own son.

MIKE

No. You won't.

NEWMAN

Pardon?

(CONTINUED)

WYATT EARP

CONTINUED:

MIKE

I saw how you treat your own son.
You ever hit Dixie Lee with a log
and business or no... nothing you
can do will prevent me from killing
you... Understood?

At the threat a certain look descends over Old Man Clanton. He
is a very dangerous character himself.

NEWMAN

I understand.

MIKE

Good.

NEWMAN

I won't take a stick to your gimpy
kid. But business or no... don't
ever threaten me again.

The two stare each other down as the tension mounts.

EXT. TOMBSTONE EPITAPH - SUNSET - ESTABLISHING

We SEE the office of the TOMBSTONE EPITAPH. The newspaper's name
is on the window and under that it says JOHN P. CLUM EDITOR.
He is the crusading and honest and politically ambitious
newspaperman whom we now see enter the office.

INT. TOMBSTONE EPITAPH - SUNSET

Clum enters the Epitaph office. There is a fifteen year old
apprentice typesetter whom Clum crosses to. His name is WAYNE.

CLUM

Wayne... I'll finish up with
that... You go over to Hoptown.
Find China Mary and tell her Mister
Clum said with this speech of
Johnny Behan's, it might be a good
idea to keep her people indoors
tonight... There might be trouble.

EXT. HOPTOWN - TOMBSTONE - EVENING

Wayne runs through the streets of Hoptown. There in the center
of the street is a large middle-aged Chinese woman. Handsome and
heavy set in a brocade robe, she is CHINA MARY, a Bloody Mary-
like character who is the undisputed ruler of Hoptown.

She has a young Chinese man by the pig tail and is screaming at
him in Chinese and smacking him across the face. Wayne comes up
to her timidly. This is seen on a long shot. Wayne takes off
his paper typesetter's hat and speaks to her. She lets the
Chinese go and listens and looks worried by what he hears.

EXT. FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION AREA - NIGHT

This is a flat part of land, desert really just outside of town where the fireworks are to be set off. People are pulled up in wagons. There are picnic blankets set out, children run back and forth. In the distance there is a bandstand bedecked with red, white and blue bunting and a band plays patriotic music.

ANGLE ON - THE EARP WAGON AND PICNIC

The Earp women sit on chairs around a little picnic table. Bessie and Allie and Mattie pass a bottle back and forth filling shot glasses. The Earp men, Morg, Virgil and James stand nearby. Morg and James pass a small bottle back and forth between themselves. Behan and Josie are talking to them.

BEHAN

My fiancée... Josephine Sarah...
well just plain Josie I guess is
good enough since pretty soon her
last name will be Behan...

VIRGIL

How do you do Ma'am...

EXT. CELEBRATION AREA - NIGHT

As the band plays on in another part of the celebration area Wyatt walks and talks with CHARLIE SHIBELL who wears a gold star on his coat. Shibell is in his early fifties, a pencil pusher and political animal more than a cop.

WYATT

I don't know Charlie... I had a
bellyful of workin' the law back in
Kansas.

SHIBELL

Look Wyatt, this Pima County
election against Bob Paul is gonna
be a tough one. It'd be a real
feather in my cap with the voters
if you was my Deputy.

WYATT

That's not what I came out here
for. There's no money in it.

SHIBELL

You get paid a Sheriff's fee for
processing every bit of paper there
is. You could clear fifteen maybe
as much as twenty thousand a year.
Why with the money you make you
could buy half interest in a
saloon.

CUT TO:

EXT. CELEBRATION AREA - BANDSTAND - NIGHT

Mayor Randall steps to the front and addresses the crowd.

RANDALL

And now fellow citizens will you
join me in the singing of our
national anthem.

The band strikes up and the crowd starts to sing the STAR
SPANGLED BANNER.

EXT. CELEBRATION AREA - NIGHT

Gray stands talking with Behan at another place in the
celebration area. Several other men are behind them in the
shadows. We hear the following dialogue over the strains of the
STAR SPANGLED BANNER in the b.g.

BEHAN

But I don't get it Mike... You
said I was supposed to...

MIKE

Things changed Johnny. Business is
business and that's what this is.
I owed someone a favor and the
payoff is Wyatt Earp getting Deputy
Sheriff of Pima County. But I'm
going to take care of you. Because
that's business too. Now... you
just go up there and make the kind
of speech I know you can make...

BEHAN

All right Mike... I'm taking you
at your word.

MIKE

You won't regret it.

Behan walks off. Mike steps back into the shadows and a hand
comes onto his shoulder. It is the hand of Curly Bill. The STAR
SPANGLED BANNER continues in the b.g.

CURLY BILL

Did I hear you right?

MIKE

Take your hand down Bill.

CURLY BILL

You just fixed it so Earp's Deputy
Sheriff?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

Of Pima County... that's right.
Which means he will no longer be
riding shotgun for Wells Fargo.

CURLY BILL

No... he'll just be leading the
posse after I rob the damned stage.
I thought you was supposed to be
smart. You're dumber than a stump.

MIKE

Bill... Bill... Bill... Wyatt is
now Deputy Sheriff of Pima County.
Rob the damned stage after it
passes the County line and it is
out of his jurisdiction. That way
he won't lead the posse and he
won't be on the stage with his
shotgun either.

CURLY BILL

(as the light bulb lights)

Oh...

Mike pulls out his watch and looks at it.

MIKE

I think you have an appointment in
town, if I'm not mistaken.

CURLY BILL

(still marveling at the
wonder of it all)

Right... right...

Curly Bill takes a few steps back to the back of the wagon where
his horse is tied. There we see Johnny Ringo and the three
Clanton boys and assorted other cowboys.

CURLY BILL

Let's go...

They all mount up and ride off at a gallop.

ANGLE ON MIKE GRAY

He looks over to the bandstand, his face flushed with patriotic
fervor as the national anthem reaches its crescendo and Mike
joins in with all the others singing.

MIKE

(singing)

O'er the land of the freeeee
And the home, of the...
braaaaavvvve.

Everyone cheers.

EXT. ROAD INTO TOMBSTONE - NIGHT

Curly Bill and the others from the preceding scene ride into Tombstone.

CURLY BILL
(to the others)
Okay.

They all reach into their saddle bags as they ride along and pull out masks made of flour sacks with eyes cut out in them reminiscent of KKK hoods. They put the hooded masks on. They ride toward Hoptown.

EXT. CELEBRATION AREA - NIGHT

On the bandstand Johnny Behan stands shouting out his speech.

BEHAN
Every evening at sunset the sweet
sickly smell of opium rises up from
out of Hoptown and permeates every
corner of our fair city from the
dens of iniquity of this yellow
menace which threatens the core and
fiber of our beings. Well I say to
you, America should be for
Americans and the Chinks should go
back to China!

EXT. CELEBRATION AREA - NIGHT

Wyatt walks back toward the Earps' celebration area. Wyatt's mind is not on the speech in b.g. It is on his new job. A band plays patriotic tunes in the b.g. Wyatt approaches his brothers and Josie is there with them. As the crowd applauds

VIRGIL
How'd it go Wyatt?

WYATT
Fifteen thousand a year to be
Deputy Sheriff of Pima County.

JAMES
Who do we have to kill?

The brothers laugh. Even Wyatt smiles.

WYATT
They haven't told me that part yet.

MORGAN
Oh Wyatt... this here is Johnny
Behan's girl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOSIE

I prefer not to think of myself as
anybody's girl. My name's Josie...
Josie Marcus...

Wyatt looks at her really for the first time. She is hidden in shadow so he can't really see how beautiful she is. Just then a sky rocket lights up the sky and illuminates her face for an instant. She is gorgeous and Wyatt is smitten.

WYATT

(looking at her)

Wyatt Earp.

He extends his hand to her and their hands touch as the light from the fading rocket goes out.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOPTOWN - TOMBSTONE - NIGHT

As fireworks go off in the sky above Tombstone the hooded riders on horseback lasso the corners of a Chinese owned building and a dozen horses tug at the ropes and literally pull the building apart as the occupants come running out with children clinging to them and scream as the cowboys fire off guns into the air, whoop and holler. One elderly Chinese has his pig tail grabbed by a cowboy and he is drug along behind the horse. A Chinese woman comes up screaming trying to rescue him and is kicked to the ground.

CURLY BILL

Go back to China ya yella bastards!

As the fireworks continue to go off the hooded cowboys whoop, holler, fire their pistols in the air and ride off, running down Chinese as they go, leaving the old man lying in the street and his daughter crying over his unconscious body as China Mary appears out in the street with a rifle and fires to no avail at the retreating cowboys.

CUT TO:

EXT. CELEBRATION SITE - NIGHT

ANGLE ON WYATT looking at Josie as she looks up at the fireworks. Virgil stands next to them also looking at the sky.

VIRGIL

I'd say that's about the prettiest
thing I ever seen.

Wyatt looks at Josie and she looks up at him as more fireworks go off and as Mattie looks over and sees the look between Josie and Wyatt as Johnny Behan comes walking over from the bandstand being congratulated and slapped on the back as he approaches and sees Wyatt and Josie as well and more fireworks light up the sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OFFICE OF DEPUTY SHERIFF - PIMA COUNTY - TOMBSTONE - DAY

A group of five Chinese children in pig tails are crowded around the door eavesdropping on what is going on inside as we hear from inside the door the voice of China Mary booming.

CHINA MARY (O.S.)

You the Sheriffs! Who else I go to?! This America... Land of Home... Land of Free! Law and Order.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE OF DEPUTY SHERIFF OF PIMA COUNTY - DAY

Shibell is there with Wyatt who now wears the star of Deputy Sheriff on his shirt and China Mary who is in mid-tirade.

SHIBELL

Calm down Mary just...

CHINA MARY

I plenty calm! I don't care about they pull down building. But now man come from Town Lot Company. He say all Chinese got no right to land... He say all Chinese got to re-buy all deeds to get good title or they throw us off. That against the law. You the law. You go kill 'em!

WYATT

Mary, nobody's killin' nobody here so...

SHIBELL

I should say not... Now look Mary... You know I got nothin' against you Celestials. I eat in your husband's restaurant and I send my shirts to your laundry... But... from what you say this whole thing sounds like just some sort of real estate contract dispute to me.

CHINA MARY

Well it sound to me like you more yellow than Chinaman! Okay... Finish talk... I take care of problem China Mary way.

EXT. DEPUTY SHERIFF OF PIMA COUNTY OFFICE - DAY

Mary storms out almost knocking over the Chinese children. They fall in behind her like ducklings as she storms down the street.

EXT. MIKE GRAY'S HOUSE - TOMBSTONE - SUNSET

Mike walks with a briefcase in his hand up to his house outside of which we see a mailbox with the name Gray on it. He opens his door and walks in.

INT. GRAY'S HOUSE - SUNSET

Mike walks in and sets his briefcase down. Just then we HEAR

CHINA MARY (O.S.)
Hello Mista Gray...

Mike turns and sees China Mary sitting in one of his chairs with a gun on him cocked and pointed at his heart.

MIKE
You're one crazy Chink Mary.

CHINA MARY
Crazy Chink has gun pointed at your heart. Sit down.

Mike sits.

CHINA MARY
We got business you and me.

MIKE
All right.

CHINA MARY
Who you think I am... Chinese laundry girl? I run Hoptown, every opium den, every restaurant, every laundry, every whorehouse, every Chinese in Hoptown work for me! I own them! I know Johnny Behan is just the tail and you the dog who wags him. You the Town Lot Company. Plenty smart... Now you get smarter and leave Chinese out of it...

MIKE
Or what? You think you can bluff me? You think you can scare me. Or what? Huh?

CHINA MARY
Or I kill your gimpy kid Dixie... I slice off his ears and boil him alive like a nice duck dinner... real crispy... Yeah... I know your weak spot... Gimpy kid.

We HOLD on her a beat.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAND HOTEL SALOON - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING SHOT

INT. GRAND HOTEL SALOON - NIGHT

At a back table Mike sits with Behan.

BEHAN

But I don't get it Mike.

MIKE

You don't need to get it Johnny...
It's off... that's all. The anti-
Chinese thing served its purpose
and now it's off.

BEHAN

But... but what about me... Where
do I come in here.

MIKE

I got plans for you Johnny... big
plans. Be patient... I'll take
care of you...

EXT. LOT UNDER CONSTRUCTION - TOMBSTONE - DAY

A man named HATCH is putting up the frame for a house on a vacant lot on the outskirts of Tombstone. At least that's what he wants to do. Unfortunately for him, Curly Bill and Ike Clanton and Phinn Clanton and Dixie Lee are there. Curly Bill has a piece of paper. They are in mid conversation.

HATCH

But this is crazy. I bought this
land. I paid for it proper... I
got paper.

CURLY BILL

You can use that paper next time
you hit the outhouse. The Town Lot
Company has the deed to this land.
You want clear title, you got to
buy it from the Town Lot Company.

IKE

Till then, you're trespassin'!

He turns to the others. They throw lassoes around the framing and pull it down. Hatch tries to stop Dixie Lee who kicks him in the mouth and Hatch falls to the ground.

INT. ORIENTAL SALOON - DAY

Wyatt sits watching his Faro game. Clum is there with him and so is FRED WHITE who wears the City Marshal star. White is in his fifties, a former Army officer, an able man but used to more civilized environs than Tombstone.

CLUM

Don't you see Wyatt... That whole anti Chinese thing was all a fraud.

WHITE

Mike Gray's gotten Randall to deed the entire town of Tombstone over to a private company... his company, created and owned by Mike Gray.

CLUM

Do you believe that! He has deeded the whole town to a private company! It's unheard of!

WHITE

An' he's got Ol' Man Clanton's gang, the McLaurys, Curly Bill and Johnny Ringo and at least a hundred of their men workin' for him to push folks off their lots. We gotta do something.

WYATT

Well I don't know... I'm under orders from Charlie Shibell not to interfere. He said that this is a real estate matter and not a law enforcement matter. Besides, from the looks of it this is all just politics anyways.

CLUM

Of course it's politics Wyatt... Dirty politics about who controls this city. They rigged the last elections and now they think they can do what they want.

Wyatt just stares at him. This may well be a revelation.

WYATT

Well, I'm a policeman... not a politician, John. You want the Town Lot Company to stop? File an injunction against 'em. You want me to enforce it? File it with a Pima County judge and I'll enforce it. But the law isn't politics.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLUM

Everything is politics. Sides are bein' drawn up, Wyatt. That badge you're wearing ought to tell you which side you're on if you can't figure it out already.

WYATT

Well let me tell you somethin' John. Maybe I don't want the badge. Maybe all I want's to own a saloon and live my life. Maybe I got somethin' under my craw that's puttin' me in a real bad mood that you don't know nothin' about.

WHITE

Every man's gotta right to live his own life, Wyatt... but I believe we have to put a stop to these folks. I'd like to think I can count on you to help.

WYATT

You do what you got to do, Fred, and I'll do what I got to do. Now if you'll excuse me I got to see a banker about a mortgage.

INT. BANKER'S OFFICE - TOMBSTONE - DAY

Wyatt sits across the desk from the Bank Manager, a MR. OWENS, who pushes a set of forms across for Wyatt's signature.

OWENS

Now if you'll just sign there at the bottom... and I can witness it... That's right... And that's all there is to it.

WYATT

It's an awful lot easier than it was the first time I asked for a mortgage.

OWENS

The first time you weren't drawing a Deputy Sheriff's pay. You'll be using that money to buy more real estate?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WYATT

Land speculation's too risky for the likes of me. We're buying a piece of a saloon. And with any luck maybe a year from now I just won't need that Deputy Sheriff's pay either.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF BANK - TOMBSTONE - DAY

Wyatt walks down the street, happy as a kid with a new toy. The Bank Manager stands at his office window smiling as he watches Wyatt walk down the street.

INT. BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE - TOMBSTONE - DAY

A door behind the Bank Manager opens and Mike Gray enters the room.

MIKE

And that my friend, is how you turn a policeman into a conservative businessman. Give him something to conserve.

He crosses to the window and looks out at Wyatt who obviously doesn't see him.

INT. GRAND HOTEL SALOON - DAY

Dixie Lee and Ike Clanton and Billy Clanton are drinking at the bar. Fred White enters with a shotgun.

WHITE

Dixie Lee Gray...

DIXIE

(turning to him)

That's me.

WHITE

You're under arrest for assault.

EXT. ORIENTAL SALOON - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING SHOT

INT. ORIENTAL SALOON - NIGHT

Wyatt is by his Faro dealer. The Faro dealer smiles at Wyatt.

FARO DEALER

We're lucky tonight Mister Earp.

He rakes in winning from disgusted cowboy.

(CONTINUED)

WYATT EARP

CONTINUED:

WYATT

That's what I like to hear.

FARO DEALER

We have been ever since you bought
into the saloon.

Just then Wyatt hears shooting O.S. He crosses to the front of
the saloon. Fred White comes up to the saloon door.

WHITE

Wyatt... I hear there's a bunch of
drunken cowboys shootin' off their
guns over by Tough Nut Street not
far from Madame Le Deau's.

WYATT

How many of 'em.

WHITE

Ten or fifteen, from what they say.

WYATT

Drunken cowboys huh? Finally a law
enforcement problem I can handle.

He and White laugh. Wyatt walks out into the street with White.

WYATT

(continuing)

My brothers are down the street...
I think it'd be wise to get them
too. If there are ten or fifteen
drunks we're gonna need some help.

WHITE

Well I'll go on ahead... You catch
up.

WYATT

You'd be dumb to go out there till
there's a few more of us Fred.

EXT. GULCH BY TOUGH NUT STREET - TOMBSTONE - NIGHT

The gulch is down below a vacant lot across from the red light
district. There are a bunch of drunken cowboys shooting their
guns in the air. The cowboys include the Clanton brothers, the
McLaury brothers and Johnny Ringo. They are all firing into the
air and passing a bottle back and forth. Suddenly Wyatt, Morgan
and Virgil Earp are behind and to the sides of them springing out
without warning and knocking people over the head with their
guns. Ike Clanton runs off. Wyatt and Virgil and Morgan quickly
knock out six cowboys. Today this would certainly qualify for
police brutality. Wyatt looks down at the unconscious drunks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WYATT
(to the knocked out cowboys)
You're under arrest.

Just then we hear a shot ring out from the vacant lot above and we hear Fred White SCREAM in pain.

Wyatt looks at his brothers and immediately sprints up over the ridge of the gulch.

EXT. VACANT LOT OVER GULCH - TOMBSTONE - NIGHT

Wyatt sprints up onto the lot and sees Curly Bill with his back to him and at Curly Bill's feet Fred White whose stomach and the clothes around the hole in it are on fire. White screams in pain. Wyatt comes up behind Curly Bill at a run and bats him over the head.

Bill turns to him not yet unconscious and Wyatt hits him backhanded with the long barrelled Colt across the side of the head opening a huge gash and sending Curly Bill crashing to the ground. Wyatt bends over Fred, rips off his own jacket and smothers the flames coming from White's stomach and clothes as Virgil and Morgan appear and turn Curly Bill over.

VIRGIL
It's Curly Bill.

Wyatt and Virgil share a look.

EXT. GRAND HOTEL RESTAURANT - TOMBSTONE - DAY

Wyatt passes by the window and sees Shibell inside at the restaurant having breakfast. Wyatt enters with a determined look.

INT. GRAND HOTEL RESTAURANT - DAY

Shibell is at his table eating as Wyatt stands looking down at him.

SHIBELL
Wyatt... have a seat... I just heard about poor Fred... Terrible accident... terrible accident.

WYATT
It was murder and the Town Lot Company was behind it, Charlie.

SHIBELL
Now Wyatt I told you... that whole Town Lot Company, that's none of our business.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wyatt literally explodes and picks a terrified Shibell up out of his seat by his shirt.

WYATT

Damn you to hell, Charlie! I am being forced into... into a moral stand because of this thing!

SHIBELL

(sputtering)

Wyatt, I don't know what...

WYATT

(setting him down as if seeing there is no way out)

Charlie, I wish you was either a stupid honest man or a smarter crooked one. I wish you could either hide the truth from me or give me a way out. I need this job Charlie, I need the money it brings in... I got debts... I got things...

SHIBELL

Then ignore it, Wyatt. It's out of our jurisdiction.

WYATT

I quit.

He takes off the badge and tosses it on the table in front of Shibell.

CUT TO:

INT. EPITAPH OFFICE - DAY

Clum is pulling out a proof sheet as Wyatt storms in.

WYATT

All right you moral son of a bitch. You want me to choose sides? I just chose one. I just hope you know what you're doing, 'cause if you don't, people are gonna die.

Without waiting for a reply, Wyatt storms out banging the door behind him sending a tray of type crashing to the ground.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAND HOTEL SALOON - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

INT. GRAND HOTEL SALOON - NIGHT

Curly Bill and Johnny Ringo and the Clantons are at the bar. Wyatt walks in alone and strides resolutely over towards Curly Bill who has his back to him. Curly Bill almost senses something behind him. He turns, looks, sees Wyatt coming towards him and smiles a sadistic smile as he sees Wyatt is not wearing a gun and so pulls his own weapon on Wyatt, cocks it and points it at his head.

CURLY BILL

You're stupider than I thought
comin' in here all alone without a
gun, Earp.

VIRGIL

Oh I wouldn't say he was exactly
alone.

Virgil appears at the back door with a shotgun in his arms pointed right at Curly Bill. Just then we get a

NEW ANGLE ON DOC HOLLIDAY

He steps in through the low window on the opposite side of the room with his gun pointed right at Curly Bill.

DOC

And if I was you I wouldn't call
anybody stupid.

Just then Morgan steps in through the front door and takes a position to the right of Wyatt with his gun pointed at Curly Bill.

MORGAN

I don't have anything clever to
say.

VIRGIL

But he is a hell of a shot. Now
drop the gun Curly.

There is a moment of silence..

DOC

(shouting out)

Drop it!

We can see he is ready to blow Curly away. Curly sees it also and drops the gun.

CURLY BILL

(sneering)

Now what?

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK OF GRAND HOTEL - TOMBSTONE - NIGHT

In the alley behind the hotel Wyatt and Curly Bill both in shirt sleeves, both already bloodied are duking it out man to man while the crowd of cowboys shouts encouragement to Curly Bill and the Earp brothers and Doc Holliday keep their eyes on the rustler faction. Wyatt fights John L. Sullivan style like a boxer.

Curly Bill like a bull, charging. Wyatt jabs and finally Bill charges him and lifts him off his feet and slams him into the wall of the hotel knocking the air out of him. He does this again, again and again until Wyatt pulls Bill's head back and then head butts him, once, twice and three times in what is known in some circles as an Irish kiss.

Curly Bill's face is crimson with blood. He lets go of Wyatt who jabs then lefts and then comes in with three right upper cuts to Bill's solar plexus, each one knocking what little air is left out of them. Then he bends way way down so he is looking up at the doubled over Bill and from down in his toes he sails upward with a crushing right upper cut that sends Bill back onto the ground. Wyatt lifts Bill up. He whispers into Bill's ear so that only Bill and we can hear...

WYATT

Now you son of a bitch. You're gonna admit that you rigged the last elections or I'll testify that I saw you kill Fred White... and you'll hang for it I promise you or you'll be shot tryin' to escape...

INT. ORIENTAL SALOON - TOMBSTONE - DAY

Wyatt sits alone in the empty saloon, drinking a cup of coffee and reading a newspaper. The newspaper front page reads: "EXTRA!! SHERIFF SHIBELL DEFEATED. CLUM ELECTED MAYOR!" Wyatt smiles as he reads.

NEW ANGLE - ON MIKE GRAY

He enters and stands opposite Wyatt's table.

MIKE

Savoring your victory Mister Earp?

Wyatt puts down the paper.

WYATT

It's the voters' victory... not mine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mike sits down... He takes off his hat and puts it on the table.

MIKE

Grow up. The voters don't run this territory. I do. As of next week the city of Tombstone will no longer be in Pima county. It will be part of a new entity... Cochise County. Catchy name isn't it? Its Sheriff will be appointed, not elected. There's ten thousand dollars under that hat, and more where it came from. It is not in my interest to fight you. Take the money and get out of my way.

Wyatt can't believe what's happened. He stands up almost in a daze.

WYATT

(quietly)

I'd sooner meet you in hell.

He walks out none too sure of anything anymore.

MIKE

You just might... but by then I'll own it! And the Devil will be payin' me rent!

Wyatt walks through the swinging doors into the street. This only enrages Mike who bellows.

MIKE

I'll crush you flat Earp if you're in my way! Do you hear that!? I'm the one that's been trying to keep a lid on this. There'd be a blood bath without me! I'm the one that's been tryin' to handle this like businessmen and this is the gratitude I get?!

He becomes even angrier and goes to the door and shouts out into the street:

MIKE

You're nothing but a goddamned hypocrite. I was a lawman too before you were born! You think you're better than me.

There is no answer from Wyatt who squares his shoulders and walks down the street.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKE

(continuing)
You're no better than me, Earp!

EXT. TOMBSTONE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Drunken cowboys carouse with the girls who work on the line.

EXT. ORIENTAL SALOON - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

INT. ORIENTAL SALOON - NIGHT

Wyatt sits near his Faro game watching the dealer and the bettors. He sips at a beer and smokes a cigar. He seems distracted. Over at the bar Johnny Behan has his back to us. He has four or five locals, though not outlaws, around him and is talking loudly to them, so loudly that Wyatt begins to pay attention to what he hears.

BEHAN

So she says to me... Oh Johnny I'm scared... so I says darlin' it's nothin' to be scared of, it's just a picture, you know? So she takes her hair down a little... shakes it down you know... And I can see she's hot for it so I says to her Darlin' why don't you open up that little gown of yours... just a little...

Wyatt realizes Johnny is talking about Josie, and from the back it appears that Johnny is showing a picture to the locals. Some whistle appreciatively. Wyatt, almost against his will gets up and starts over toward Behan, and though he won't admit it even to himself, he is jealous and as much as that he too is hot to see the picture.

LOCAL #1

Jeez will you look at that...

LOCAL #2

She just stood there and let you do it? Look at that...

BEHAN

I says don't worry Darlin'... nobody'll ever see it but me... open up a little and what do you think... she looks me right in the eye and says... Is this what you want, and she dropped the whole gossamer gown to the floor and just stood there buck naked... Look at that... Ain't that somethin' an' they're just as good to...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He suddenly becomes aware of Wyatt behind him.

BEHAN

Hello Earp... you want to have a look too... You ever see a Jew girl naked... They're somethin' I'll tell ya.

Wyatt is dry mouthed. He is both jealous and at the same time unable to take his eyes off the picture in front of him...

WYATT

You're a damned fool Behan.

BEHAN

Fool am I? Here take a good look. I can see you're droolin' for it.

WYATT

What's she see in you...

He turns and starts to walk away.

BEHAN

Ohhhhhh... what's she see in me? You want me to describe it for ya? Or shall I tell ya what she does with it...

The locals laugh. Wyatt walks to his Faro dealer.

WYATT

I'm goin' out for some air... you need me I'm outside...

FARO DEALER

Sure Wyatt... You okay? You don't look so good.

WYATT

I'm goin' out for some air.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WYATT EARP'S HOME - TOMBSTONE - NIGHT

Wyatt lies in his bed staring up at the ceiling. Next to him Mattie sleeps snoring. The snoring gets more and more on his nerves.

WYATT

You're snoring Mattie. Turn over.

Mattie stirs in her sleep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATTIE

What... Wha... huh?

WYATT

You're snoring.

Mattie turns over. She stops snoring. Wyatt continues to stare at the ceiling. The snoring starts in again. Then we HEAR the voice of John Clum OVER

CLUM (V.O.)

There is, I believe little satisfaction in life except in duty faithfully performed...

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTY COURT OFFICES - DAY

There is a dignitaries' stand set up outside the county court offices which are right next door to the Epitaph building. The stand is decked with bunting. On the platform is SHERIFF BOB PAUL and MARSHAL SIPPY, as well as Judge Wells Spicer. This is the inauguration of John Clum as Mayor of Tombstone. The date January 12, 1881 is SUPERED. Clum addresses the sizeable crowd and is in mid speech.

CLUM

...And now that you have elected me your mayor, I intend to perform mine. It is my pleasure to announce to you that former Mayor Alder Randall has been indicted and has already fled the territory. In addition, I intend to advocate to the Territorial Governor that he appoint Wyatt Earp for the newly created position of Sheriff of Cochise County and Virgil Earp as Town Marshal of Tombstone!

There is applause.

ANGLE ON JOHNNY BEHAN

He applauds as enthusiastically as any man.

INT. MAISON D'OREE RESTAURANT - TOMBSTONE - NIGHT

At a secluded table Johnny Behan sits with Josie. She looks around the room appreciatively. Then she looks back straight into Johnny's eyes. A waitress pours champagne into their half full glasses and leaves.

JOSIE

What's the angle?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEHAN

The angle?

JOSIE

It's been awhile since you took me out to dinner Johnny... and never to a place as expensive as this.

BEHAN

You people always measure everything in terms of dollars and cents. Must a man be suspect for having a romantic dinner with his sweetheart.

JOSIE

You people? I'm the only one on this side of the table Johnny. What other people are you talking about?

Behan sighs and gets to the heart of the matter.

BEHAN

I want you to talk to Wyatt Earp.

JOSIE

Talk to him?

BEHAN

He's crazy about you you know. Cold and as high falutin as he likes to make himself I think he'd blab like a baby if ya'd just bat your eyes at him.

JOSIE

If you want to talk business to him, why don't you talk to him yourself?

BEHAN

Well... you can catch more flies with honey than you can with vinegar. Besides... it's in your own interest too... The man who becomes Sheriff of Cochise County will be able to support a wife. Right now darlin' I'm just a pauper. You can see that clearly now, can't you?

JOSIE

Yes... I see it all clearly now Johnny.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEHAN

You do? Then you'll go talk to
Earp?

JOSIE

Yes, I will. As you say... it's in
my interest.

BEHAN

Oh God love you Darlin; you do see.
You know sometimes I think I love
you because you're a Jew and not in
spite of it. If ever a people knew
how to do business... ahh... God
love you.

He picks up his glass and clinks it with hers.

BEHAN

Happy days.

JOSIE

(drier than the champagne)
L'Chaim Johnny.

EXT. ORIENTAL SALOON - DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT

INT. ORIENTAL SALOON - DAY

The saloon is abustle with activity even at this hour of the
afternoon. But the activity slowly dies down as dance hall girl,
drunken miner and cowboy turn to stare at the very beautiful and
proper looking young woman who has just come in through the
swinging doors and looks, with her bustle and high collared dress
and hat mightily out of place in this flesh and gin palace.
Josie walks with all eyes on her over the BARTENDER.

JOSIE

Good afternoon.

The Bartender stares at her and then slowly breaks into a grin
suppressing a laugh... He is not used to being greeted with
"Good Afternoon."

BARTENDER

Good afternoon. Uhh... What'll
you have?

JOSIE

(evenly)
Wyatt Earp.

The bartender points down past the end of the bar to the door
marked "office."

INT. WYATT'S OFFICE - ORIENTAL SALOON - DAY

Wyatt sits at his desk going over the books. There is a knock.

WYATT

It's open.

The door opens revealing Josie. She is gorgeous.

WYATT

(a bit tongue-tied)

Oh... Miss uh Marcus... I...

JOSIE

Good afternoon Mister Earp...

WYATT

Good afternoon... What uh... what brings you to...

JOSIE

Johnny Behan sent me to talk with you.

Wyatt is disappointed at hearing that this was Behan's idea.

JOSIE

(showing the insult of Behan's offer)

He said something about being able to catch more flies with honey than with vinegar. I assume by that he was referring to you as the fly and to me as the honey.

She says this with a kind of solemn dignity.

WYATT

I see... and because of your affection for Mister Behan you agreed to be used in such a fashion.

JOSIE

No Mister Earp. It was not because of my affection for Mister Behan. And I don't intend to be "used" by anyone.

She says this looking square in his eyes.

JOSIE

I've come to love the Arizona sunsets Mister Earp. Could you take me out to see one right now please. This office seems a bit close.

EXT. RIDGE OVERLOOKING TOMBSTONE - SUNSET

The sunset is indeed magnificent. There is a buckboard pulled up at the edge and Wyatt and Josie walk along the edge looking at the beauty of the desert with the town spread out below them. Then Josie speaks in a flat mechanical voice.

JOSIE

Johnny will appoint you his Deputy if you withdraw your name, and he'll split all the fees fifty-fifty with you and then support you for Sheriff at the end of one year if you'll agree to support him for the Territorial legislature.

WYATT

(quiet)

Why did he send you?

JOSIE

...He also said that you should realize that as a Republican you'll never get the appointment. It will go to a Democrat... either to Johnny or someone else. All you could do would be to spoil things for Johnny and yourself if you oppose him.

WYATT

Why did he send you... What did he say?

JOSIE

(after a beat)

He said you were crazy about me... I can only assume you gave him some reason to come to that conclusion.

The two of them stand there feeling awfully trapped... or are they?

WYATT

He had... he had a...

JOSIE

What?

WYATT

A picture... He was showing it in the saloon.

Josie is about as betrayed as she can possibly be.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOSIE

I see... I see... and it was
because of that picture...

She is on the verge of tears.

WYATT

No... no... I expect he knew I was
attracted to you before that... I
expect that's why he brought that
picture down there... because he
knew how I felt.

JOSIE

No... because he knew how I felt.
He didn't send me, Wyatt. He
couldn't have kept me away...
sooner or later... that's what he
knew.

The two of them stare at each other. Falling into each other's
arms will be leaping into the abyss and they both know it.

WYATT

We'd be dancing on strings that
Johnny Behan would be pulling...
and there are other things... other
people involved...

JOSIE

I don't give a damn about Johnny
Behan. He has no strings on me, I
don't give a damn who becomes
Sheriff of Cochise County, and I
don't give a damn anymore about who
you're married to. I'm nineteen
years old. You're the one who's
older and wiser. If this is a
mistake you tell me.

They look at each other. Wyatt looks deep into her eyes wanting
to pull back from the abyss and feeling nothing but the vertigo
of one who knows he's going to jump. He sweeps her up in a great
let the world burn around us kiss.

EXT. COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT

INT. JUDGE SPICER'S OFFICE - DAY

Judge Spicer is there with Johnny Behan. He is pinning the
Sheriff's badge on him.

SPICER

Well... congratulations... Sheriff
Behan.

INT. EPITAPH BUILDING - DAY

Clum is there with Wyatt. Clum is to say the least, in a tizzy. Wyatt looks betrayed, dazed and not a little bit embarrassed.

CLUM

What could you have been thinking of, Wyatt?

Wyatt doesn't answer but it is clear to us if not to Clum that he does not appreciate the tone of mother scolding a child who fouled up.

CLUM

To make a deal like that with Behan?

WYATT

I didn't know he was in Mike Gray's pocket.

CLUM

So what?! You knew he was a cheap politician, didn't ya? And how could you not know he was in Gray's pocket. What could you have been thinking of?

WYATT

It's none of your damn business what I was thinking of... 'Cause it has to do with my life and what I'm gonna do with it.

They are both silent for a bit. Then Clum speaks softly.

CLUM

What are you gonna do with it, Wyatt?

Wyatt shakes his head. You can see this is a man who is tired of thinking.

WYATT

I don't know. As God is my witness, I don't know.

Now Clum pounces and there is something in his manner that is reminiscent of Wyatt's father Nicholas.

CLUM

Well you better know, Wyatt. This is a hard land and these are hard times. And no one if you haven't figured it out by now, is going to let you just live your life! You're too valuable to one side and too dangerous to the other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wyatt looks up at Clum and the look on his face tells us what side he's chosen.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLANTON RANCH - NIGHT

There are campfires outside on the ranch land with cowboys grabbing a last cup of coffee, a last biscuit or bite of beans. There is something almost Remington-esque in this scene; honest cowpokes who live by the sweat of their brow sort of thing. Preparations are underway we see, for a trip. Cowboys are tying on bedrolls, sticking last bits of food into oilcloths and putting them in their saddlebags. All this being supervised by Old Man Clanton. Off to the side, Mike Gray walks with his son Dixie Lee who of course limps along next to Papa.

DIXIE

Why can't I stay with you, Pa. Why do I have to ride with Old Man Clanton?

MIKE

Because I need you to, son. You're my eyes and ears. You're the only one I can trust. See that's the power the Earps have and I respect them for it. They have a real sense of family... not like these hyenas. They'd sell their own grandmothers for a ha'penny and deliver.

CUT TO:

EXT. U.S. - MEXICO BORDER - DAY

We open on a shot of the border marker on one side of which it says MEXICO and has a Mexican flag and on the other side of which it says U.S.A. and has the stars and stripes. A large herd of cattle is being driven past it from the Mexican side to the U.S. side by Old Man Clanton and his band of merry men.

NEWMAN

(to one of his men)

I never breathe easy on these things until we cross back into the good old U.S. of A. Rustling's good money but I never breathe easy till I'm back in a free country.

They drive the herd up through a canyon.

EXT. THE MOUNTAIN FORMING ONE OF THE CANYON WALLS - DAY

On this mountain looking down into the canyon through which Clanton and his men drive their herd of cattle are about a hundred Mexicans, with sombreros at their sides or lying back against their backs as they look down through rifle sights at the American rustlers whom they are about to slaughter like so many fish in barrels. At a signal from their leader they open fire in a thunderous volley.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOMBSTONE - DAY

The cavalry patrol rides up through the street. There is a wagon being drawn by a team of horses driven by the Sergeant. In the back of the wagon, corpses. The Lieutenant is stopped by Wyatt. All this takes place on a long shot. We do not hear the dialogue.

INT. MIKE GRAY'S OFFICE - DAY

Mike sits at his desk going over some papers when Wyatt walks in. Mike looks up.

MIKE

God you look glum Earp... You got something to say? Say it. I'm a busy man.

WYATT

A platoon of cavalry just rode into town. They came across a group of Americans who had been ambushed by Mexicans. The Americans evidently stole some cattle south of the border. The Mexicans pursued them and set an ambush in Skeleton Canyon. Old Man Clanton was killed... so were all his men... and so was your son.

Mike sits there unable to believe his ears.

MIKE

This is... this is some kind of... this is a trick isn't it Earp? To get me to... to get me to... It's a trick... It's smart I'll give you credit but... but...

He begs with his eyes for these words to be true.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WYATT

(softly)

It's no trick Mike. The only child I ever had died with my first wife... He never even got born and she was just nineteen. I know what family means... I know how you felt about your boy... I'm sorry.

Mike suddenly seems very, very old. His eyes brim but no tears come down his face. His head almost imperceptibly at first starts to bob and then it is more pronounced like Reagan's except there is no smile on Gray's face. Just the head that bobs.

WYATT

I... I had them put... I had them put your son's body over at the doctor's. I thought you might want to... I'm very sorry.

Mike just sits there and then almost inaudibly...

MIKE

Thank you.

EXT. DOCTOR MCGRAW'S OFFICE - DAY

We see the shingle out front identifying this as the office of Doctor Thaddeus McGraw. Slowly, shakily, Mike Gray crosses the dirt street toward the office. He pauses ever so slightly before opening the door.

INT. DOCTOR MCGRAW'S OFFICE - DAY

On the examining table there is a corpse under a bloody sheet. The only sound in the room is Mike's breathing and somewhere a fly buzzing on his boy's body. Mike swats out at the fly, backhanded, as if it mattered. Then as he pulls the sheet back he gasps. His head shakes back and forth as he looks down at the ruined body of his only child. Lying on top of the sheet, incongruously, is the bloodstained brace his son wore. He picks it up, rocks back and forth, holds it to his chest as he makes little whimpering sounds that somehow remind us of the ones his son made facing death.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCTOR MCGRAW'S OFFICE - DAY

On the sidewalk in front of the doctor's office, two little girls play jacks, a dog sits sleeping in the sun and a man is tying his horse to the hitching rail on which a fat bird perches. We see all of this in a static master shot and then there is the explosion of the gunshot from within the doctor's office that makes the little girls and the sleeping dog, the horse and the fat bird all jump.

CUT TO:

EXT. MESA - SUNSET

There is a buckboard and near it a blanket on the ground on which Josie sits looking up at Wyatt who stands, his back to her, looking off into the distance. Wyatt is clearly shaken.

WYATT

I feel so...

His head shakes. He can't find the word.

JOSIE

What?

WYATT

I don't know... He told me I was no different than him.

JOSIE

(leaping to Wyatt's defense)
That's not true.

WYATT

Isn't it?

JOSIE

No!

WYATT

He had a moral line somewhere that he wouldn't cross. Mine is just in a different place. A little closer in maybe, but...

Wyatt is quiet a beat.

WYATT

(continuing)
He loved his son.

JOSIE

That doesn't excuse anything.

WYATT

I wasn't looking to excuse him. He loved his son, that's all. And I expect his boy loved him. It makes you wonder... what it's all for. What's the point?

Josie gets up and crosses to him.

JOSIE

I'll tell you something and I won't apologize for it either. He wanted you dead and so I'm glad he's dead. Period. That's the end of it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CURLY BILL

Mike Gray's dead. His gimpy kid
Dixie's dead... and as far as I'm
concerned you're next.

IKE

(talking fast to save his
hide)

Me? Me? Why me? You don't need
to kill me Bill... far as I'm
concerned if they're dead you're
the boss... You and Johnny I guess
huh? Well that's fine with me... I
guess you're takin' over the house
and the ranch now too... well
okay... that's okay. So you got no
reason to kill me.

CURLY BILL

We're through with strategy and
plans... goddamn it. It's time to
kill the Earps... once and for all.

IKE

Well I'm for that Bill... sure...
that's a great idea.

CURLY BILL

Good. Cause you're gonna do it...
You and the McLaurys. You go into
Tombstone... talk it up... fair
fight... all that crap... get 'em
out in the open... we'll be there
to back you up and we'll kill 'em.

IKE

Well I don't know Bill... why don't
we just bushwack 'em you know one
at a time.

CURLY BILL

Cause I don't want to kill 'em one
at a time. I want to kill 'em all
at once... an' if you don't like
that idea then I'll kill you.
Cause I'm through thinkin' and I'm
through talkin'... It's killin'
time.

EXT. TOMBSTONE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

INT. OCCIDENTAL LUNCHROOM - ALHAMBRA SALOON - DAY

One side of the saloon is sectioned off by a low guard-rail and serves as a lunchroom. Eating lunch at a table we see Morgan and Wyatt Earp about to start their meal. On the other side of the guard rail in the saloon section, Doc Holliday is sitting in on a game of cards while standing at the bar off to the side is Ike Clanton.

ANGLE ON DOC WITH IKE IN B.G.

Ike is slightly drunk and Doc keeps an eye on him as he plays. Ike is at that stage of drunkenness that most mean drunks aspire to, it is the point at which they feel an awful lot braver than they actually are. Doc coughs violently prompting Ike to speak.

IKE

Hey Doc.

Doc coughs again and throws down half a water glass of whiskey holding up his hand to wait just a moment.

IKE

I got a cure for that cough...

ANGLE CLOSE ON DOC

An evil gleam comes to Doc's eye. He knows exactly where Ike is going and it is his destination of first choice as well.

DOC

Do you, Isaac?

IKE

Yeah I got a cure for that cough.

DOC

(very softly)

Well we're all a twitter with expectation.

Ike is drunk enough either not to have heard or not to be able to focus his attention. He simply pushes on.

IKE

Yeah, tomorrow I'm gonna cure it for ya. Permanent.

Doc puts down his water glass, scoots back his chair and turns to face Ike.

DOC

Well Mother always said never put off till tomorrow the people you can kill today.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ike says nothing.

DOC
(very affably)
You run along into the street now
my scabby little friend, and as
soon as I finish this hand I'll be
pleased to get a gun and come out
and shoot you.

Ike tries to dismiss him with a drunken wave of his hand.

IKE
Not now, but it's comin'.

DOC
Don't be a tease, Isaac.

Doc throws down the last of his drink, folds his cards and turns
to his card-playing companions.

DOC
I'll sit this hand out.

He turns to Ike.

DOC
Let's go.

IKE
I ain't fixed right. I ain't got a
gun.

DOC
(enunciating every word)
He ain't... got... a gun.

Doc turns to the assembled saloon, stretches his arms out wide
and bellows.

DOC
Someone please dear God, give this
walking puss-ridden sty a weapon.

ANGLE ON WYATT AND MORGAN

Wyatt is tucking his napkin under his chin about to dig into the
lunchroom's very tempting looking fried chicken. He turns to
Morgan.

WYATT
Morgan, you're a peace officer now.
You ought to go over and break that
up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Morgan puts his napkin on the table and steps over the railing separating lunchroom from saloon. He crosses over to Doc.

MORGAN

Hey Doc, come on. He's just drunk.

DOC

There's no law against killing drunks, Morgan.

MORGAN

There is if he's unarmed, Doc.

DOC

Loan him your gun, Morg, please.

MORGAN

Doc I'd do it in a second if Wyatt wasn't around, but he is so...

DOC

(disgusted)

All right, all right.

He turns to the card table.

DOC

I'm back in.

IKE

Did you see him back down? He's scared of me. Oh I love it...

He starts walking toward the door of the saloon.

IKE

It's comin' Doc, and I won't be alone either. I got brothers and friends too and you're gonna be dead, Doc. You and the Earps with ya. Do ya hear me?!

Ike exits out into the street. Morg, trying to soothe Doc's temper.

MORGAN

He's just a drunk.

DOC

He's drunk but he's right. It's comin'... You know it and I do too.

CUT TO:

EXT. WYATT'S HOUSE - TOMBSTONE - NIGHT

The house is dark. The figure of a woman comes walking quickly up the street. It is Josie. She crosses to the door and knocks.

CUT TO:

INT. WYATT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

He is in bed next to the snoring Mattie. He hears the knock and gets out of bed in his longjohns and throws on a pair of pants and crosses to the door. He opens it revealing Josie.

JOSIE

We have to talk.

Wyatt turns and looks back into the room where Mattie sleeps.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - IN FRONT OF WYATT'S HOUSE - TOMBSTONE - NIGHT

Wyatt walks down the street a little ways with Josie.

JOSIE

Men are coming to kill you.
They're coming to kill you, and
your brothers and Doc.

Wyatt looks at her closely. There is nothing hysterical about the way she said it. She has just laid it out there rather like Wyatt would do it himself.

WYATT

How do you know this?

JOSIE

This woman, Marietta Spence, her husband rides with Curly Bill. Her husband beat her up so now she wants to get even by telling me their plans.

She looks up at Wyatt. His pale eyes are dead serious, all business.

WYATT

Go on...

JOSIE

Curly Bill and Ringo will send the Clantons and the McLaury brothers and Billy Claiborne into town to pick a fight with you... then the rest of the gang will come in and they'll murder you and your brothers and Doc.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wyatt says nothing but we see the wheels spinning.

JOSIE

It's just what you said would happen.

She watches to see his reaction.

JOSIE

We could leave Wyatt... We could leave tonight... you and me.

Wyatt looks as if he has not heard her right. He speaks, not so much indignantly as confused, so incomprehensible is her comment to him.

WYATT

Leave? I'm not gonna leave... my brothers and I are not gonna leave, Josie...

JOSIE

Wyatt, you don't owe this town a thing. I don't care what John Clum says... Half the people don't even want you here, Wyatt. The ranchers are in with the rustlers and half the townspeople don't want to be caught in the middle of a war... Ich hob dem in drerd arein Wyatt... The Clantons and the McLaurys and Tombstone... all of them... Let's leave...

Wyatt's head is spinning as he tries to make Josie understand.

WYATT

It's not because of John Clum... or because we owe anything to anyone or...

JOSIE

(breaking in)

Then because of the badge. Is that it? Because if it is....

WYATT

(breaking in on her line)

It's our home!

Josie looks at him truly surprised.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WYATT

(continuing)

It's our home. That place is Virgil's... that place is Morgan's... That house over there is James'... that one's mine. We live here, Josie. My brothers and me. This is our home.

JOSIE

Wyatt... it's nothing.

She looks around.

JOSIE

(continuing)

It's a mining camp with... with bigger brothels and a few decent restaurants but...

Josie looks at him as if seeing the man for the first time and perhaps for the first time beginning to understand him.

JOSIE

(very quiet)

What happened in Missouri, Wyatt? Why did you leave Missouri? You told me that was going to be your home...

Wyatt looks at her a beat. He is about to open a wound he has not touched in many years. He looks straight into her eyes.

WYATT

I loved a girl. I loved her more than I'll ever love anyone else as long as I live.

Wyatt's pale eyes stare straight into Josie's and she doesn't flinch.

WYATT

I married her and I felt our child move inside of her and she died and our child died and I wanted to. I burnt everything we owned...

As Wyatt speaks it is as if he sees the things he is about to enumerate, allows himself to see them for the first time in many years.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON CLOSE ON JOSIE WALKING DOWN THE STREET

JOSIE
(sighing to herself)
Gottinu.

EXT. TOMBSTONE - MORNING - ESTABLISHING SHOT

The sun is just rising on what promises to be a very bloody day.

INT. WYATT'S HOUSE - DAY

Wyatt is finishing up his breakfast. Mattie stands over him haranguing him.

MATTIE
If you don't break it off with her
I don't know what I'll do... I
swear to you Wyatt... I don't know
what I'll do. I'm not... strong
enough to stand this Wyatt...

Wyatt gets up from the table and wipes his mouth.

MATTIE
If you leave me... I'll kill myself
Wyatt... I'll commit suicide! I
swear, swear before God almighty
I'll kill myself if you leave me!
You hear me!!!

Wyatt says nothing.

MATTIE
(screaming)
Talk to me you cold hearted son of
a bitch!

Wyatt looks at her and speaks very calmly as if talking to a crazy person.

WYATT
I have no time for this today
Mattie. There are men I may have
to kill today. So I'm not in the
mood.

He walks past her. She screams after him.

MATTIE
(screaming)
You're never in the mood to talk to
me! But you always have time for
her! I'll kill myself and it'll be
on your head!!!

INT. FLY'S BOARDING HOUSE - DAY

Doc is in bed, a bottle in his hand. In walks Kate. She pulls the bottle out of the unconscious dentist's hand and takes a swig and then pokes him awake.

KATE

Doc... Doc... wake up.

Doc wakes up.

DOC

What... oh Kate dear... Is that my bottle or yours...?

KATE

Ike Clanton's in town. He's armed and he's drunk and he's tellin' everyone he meets that he's gonna kill you if he finds you.

Doc gets a little gleam in his eye.

DOC

Is he now...

He gets up and the wave of hangover hits him and he sways a bit...

DOC

Well... if God lets me live long enough, he will find me.

EXT. CITY MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Wyatt walks into the office.

INT. CITY MARSHAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Virgil and Morgan are there, as is Doc as Wyatt enters. Doc coughs so hard you think he will fall over. Doc offers Wyatt a cigar in between coughs.

DOC

Care for a cigar, Wyatt? I'm tryin' to cut down.

MORGAN

That may not be a problem after today.

EXT. DEXTER CORRAL - DAY

Frank and Tom and Ike and the two Billys enter the Dexter Corral.

IKE

When's Curly Bill and Johnny supposed to be here with the others.

FRANK

They'll be here... don't worry... they'll be here when they get here.

IKE

Anybody got a bottle. I think I could use a snort.

Billy Clanton pulls a bottle out of his saddle bag and tosses to Ike who takes a long swig.

EXT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - TOMBSTONE - DAY

The three Earps and Doc Holliday stand in front of the Marshal's office smoking cigars and watching the street.

EXT. DEXTER CORRAL - DAY

The Clantons and the McLaurys and Claiborne are passing the bottle back and forth and what was a pretty full bottle is pretty near empty.

IKE

What corral they comin' to?

FRANK

What?

IKE

Curly Bill and Ringo and the rest... They comin' here?

FRANK

I don't know.

IKE

Maybe they're comin' over to the O.K. Corral. Maybe they're there right now, looking for us. I say we go over there. Maybe they're there.

TOM

Maybe..

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IKE

So... let's go... we can drink over there as good as we can drink over here.

The others shrug their shoulders and get moving.

EXT. HAFFORD'S - DAY

The Earps and Holliday come around the corner. The cigars have burnt down to stubs. Wilbur comes over to Virgil.

WILBUR

Marshal... They left the Dexter Corral awhile ago and then went over to the O.K. Corral... Looks like they're waitin' for somebody.

MORGAN

I say we go get 'em right now before the others get here.

VIRGIL

Well... as long as they stay inside the O.K. Corral they haven't broken any law.

WILBUR

Oh... they're not inside the Corral Marshal... They're out in Fremont Street the other side of the vacant lot over by Fly's. They're talkin' about killin' you all Marshal.

Wyatt turns to Virgil.

WYATT

There's nothin' left to think about, Virgil. Let's go.

Virgil turns to Doc and takes his cane from him and gives Doc the shotgun he was holding.

VIRGIL

Here... gimme that cane and you take this... put it under your coat so nobody sees it...

He looks at Wyatt.

VIRGIL

No use provokin' anybody.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORGAN

Provoke my ass... I've had enough of hittin' people over the heads Virg and enough of being threatened. I say they make a move against us this time... we kill 'em.

DOC

You know I saved your life Wyatt... But I swear I love Morgan.

VIRGIL

Well I say we still might be able to arrest them and if we can, that's what I intend to do.

He brandishes Doc's cane.

EXT. FOURTH STREET - DAY

Virgil and Wyatt walk in front and Doc and Morgan behind them down Fourth Street up to Fremont.

EXT. FREMONT STREET - DAY

The Earps turn to the left on Fremont Street walking up past the Epitaph Building toward the vacant lot between Fly's Photograph Gallery and the Harwood House out behind the O.K. Corral. Wyatt pulls his gun out of his overcoat pocket and holds it at his side ready for action and possible ambush as they walk down the street.

REVERSE ANGLE -

Down the street by Fly's we SEE Johnny Behan talking to the Clantons and the McLaurys and Claiborne. He turns and starts back toward the Earp party.

Halfway down the street Behan crosses up to the Earps.

BEHAN

Now look... don't go down there or there'll be trouble.

VIRGIL

You're a policeman Johnny... You help us arrest them, then.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEHAN

There's no need for that. I've disarmed them.

WYATT

(deadly)

Then there won't be any trouble, Johnny.

Wyatt and the others push past the Sheriff, having heard that the cowboys are not armed any longer Wyatt places his gun in his coat pocket, though he keeps his hand in that coat pocket as well just to be on the safe side. Now Doc and Morgan come out from behind the two older Earp Brothers and fan out as they approach the Clantons and McLaurys. Tom McLaury stands next to his horse and his hand slowly goes up to a Winchester in a sheath on the horse. Ike stands off to the side a bit and Claiborne next to him. The Earp party approaches.

VIRGIL

All right boys... throw up your arms!

With that almost simultaneously it is as if everyone misunderstands what Virg has said... or perhaps not... at any rate Doc unfurls the coat and brings up the shotgun, though he doesn't fire. Billy Clanton and Frank McLaury go for their guns.

VIRGIL

Hold on I didn't mean that!

Virg shifts his cane from right to left hand and Wyatt seeing Billy Clanton's gun come up, ignores it and draws on Frank. Throughout, Wyatt is ice cold. His shots are rapid, accurate and deadly. He moves neither left nor right, and makes no attempt to seek cover, he simply picks targets and shoots. His brothers and Doc react in a more human fashion, crouching and trying to turn themselves into the smallest targets possible, but Wyatt is more than a cop here he becomes an almost mythic warrior.

Billy's first shot goes wild and Wyatt's first shot hits the mark, hitting Frank in his belly and sending him down. Wyatt then turns and fires at Billy hitting his arm and spinning him around into the dirt. Virg meanwhile draws on Billy Claiborne who now panics.

CLAIBORNE

Oh God don't shoot me!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He runs and Virgil keeps his gun on him until he has run off the scene and into Fly's. Tom McLaury meanwhile gets behind his horse and unsheathes the Winchester and fires over the saddle using the horse as a shield. Ike meanwhile throws open his coat revealing he is unarmed.

IKE

Don't shoot me Wyatt... I'm unarmed
I swear... please don't shoot!

Wyatt who has his gun on Ike now doesn't know whether to believe him or not, nor whether Claiborne who has run off is somewhere aiming at him or his brothers.

WYATT

This fight's commenced. Shoot or
get out!

Ike runs off just as Tom gets off a shot with the rifle hitting Morgan in the shoulder blades and neck and Morgan goes down. Wyatt whirls and shoots at Tom and the shot grazes the horse who bolts and reveals Tom, and Doc lets go with both barrels of his shotgun at Tom. Tom fires again and hits Doc in the hip sending him down. Tom screams as he is hit. At the same moment Wyatt yells at Morgan.

WYATT

Get behind me, Morgan!

Wyatt turns with his gun on Tom who is still alive and trying to get off another shot. Wyatt shoots him. Billy Clanton meanwhile rises up to shoot Wyatt, and Morgan and Virgil both put bullets into him as Virgil is struck by a bullet from the still living Frank. Virgil goes down as Doc and Wyatt fire at Frank and kill him. And it is over less than a minute after it began. Tom and Frank McLaury are dead. Billy Clanton is dead. Morgan and Virgil Earp are severely wounded. Doc Holliday is slightly wounded in the hip and Wyatt is unscratched. He bends over Morgan after holding his aim on the downed combatants to make sure they are dead. (Ike and Claiborne have already run off.) Wyatt then starts to tend to his younger brother.

WYATT

Morgan... we're going to get you to
a doctor... Don't die on me.
Don't you die on me.

We can hear in Wyatt's voice a very real fear that his worst nightmare is about to come true again with his younger brother.

WYATT EARP

EXT. FREMONT STREET - DAY

MINUTES LATER. A large crowd of Townspeople, including China Mary and a knot of Chinese, have gathered to watch, gossip and help clean up the battlefield. Morgan, wounded and hurting but conscious, is taken away in the back of a buckboard with both Lou and a Doctor attending him. Virgil, hit in the calf, is helped up into a wagon by Allie and Wyatt, whose shirt front is covered with blood. When that wagon rolls off, Wyatt stands looking after it a moment. Just then there is the sound of a gun being cocked behind him. Wyatt turns around slowly, knowing there is a bead on his skull and he sees Johnny Behan.

BEHAN

You're under arrest Wyatt. You and Doc and your brothers if they live... You're under arrest for murder.

Wyatt turns to look at Behan. It's frightening. Behan shrinks back a step.

WYATT

I'm not going to be arrested today, Johnny. Not by you...

He looks around the crowd of onlookers for any potential enemies.

WYATT

...And not by anybody else.

Wyatt has his hand on his Colt. At that moment, John Clum steps between them.

CLUM

Wyatt, in the name of God, there's been enough blood for one day!

Wyatt turns away, in the direction his brothers have gone. He has taken only a few steps when Josie emerges from the hubbub and flies into his arms. Behan seems to wince at the display. Josie reacts with alarm to the blood on his shirt.

JOSIE

Wyatt, are you all right...?

WYATT

I'm okay, Josie. You go home now... you hear?

JOSIE

No... I want to be with you now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WYATT

You go home... It might not be over. They may send in more men to get us tonight.

(turns to Clum)

John, will you see her home?

CLUM

Miss Marcus, Wyatt's right. Please...

Clum leads Josie away. Behind them a fight is brewing between Clem Hafford and a Clanton supporter. The crowd seems split in its assessment.

RANCHER

They murdered 'em. Them Earps killed 'em in cold blood!

HAFFORD

Ike Clanton's been in here threatening to kill 'em all morning. It was a fair fight.

As they start to get physical, Behan moves to intercede. Wyatt backs away.

INT. LIVING ROOM - VIRGIL'S HOUSE - DAY

Chaos. The room is jammed with Earps (James and Bessie have now joined the group) and their milling Allies. Morgan has been laid out on a bed that's been brought into the living room. Virgil is in his own bed in the other room. Doctor Goodfellow has been working on Morgan, but now leaves him to take a look at Virgil. Lou hovers on the bloody bed next to Morgan, near hysteria. Other people come in carrying mattresses. They're setting the house up to be defended against attack, but the tiny place is already getting claustrophobic.

Wyatt comes into the house. In his arms is Mattie, near comatose.

WYATT

Everybody who's not family, get out.

The supporters start to file out. Allie comes out of the bedroom.

WYATT

Allie, push that chair over here for her.

ALLIE

Don't tell me what to do in my house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WYATT

(trying to control himself)
Allie... men may be coming into
town to kill us all before this day
is through. We have to make
certain preparations and cooperate
with each other--
(losing it)
--so get me the damned chair!

Allie jumps at this. The room goes silent. Allie clears off the
chair and pushes it over. Wyatt puts Mattie gently into it.

BESSIE

What happened to her?

WYATT

Laudanum... a lot of it.

Lou has been staring at Wyatt. Now she rises from the bed in a
rage.

LOU

It's your fault this happened. I
wanted to get away from here, but
he wouldn't leave you. You and the
precious brothers. Well damn you
to hell, Wyatt Earp!

She surprises everyone, even herself, by suddenly slapping Wyatt
hard.

WYATT

(quiet)
You're not the only one who loves
him, Lou.

EXT. VIRGIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

All the windows have been covered from inside. No light escapes.

INT. LIVING ROOM - VIRGIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hell on earth -- hot, stuffy, unbearably close. Morgan sleeps
fitfully, his dressing stained with blood. A fly BUZZES through
the room, then lands on the bloody bandages. Lou, half-awake
beside Morgan, waves the fly away. Mattie sits staring forlornly
into space.

Weapons are stacked against the wall. Wyatt peers out through
the cracks between the mattresses. James is lying with Bessie on
a mattress on the floor. He's fallen asleep holding a whiskey
bottle. Now Bessie pries it from his grasp and takes a swig,
looking around in disgust.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BESSIE

Well, here we are... one big happy family.

At the window, Wyatt's eyes look like deep, dark pits.

EXT. TOMBSTONE - SUNRISE

The town, seen from the surrounding desert, as the sun peaks over the hills.

DISSOLVE TO:

The word: MURDER, the letters filling the screen from edge to edge, as we PAN and PULL BACK to reveal:

EXT. FRONT WINDOW - RITTER & REAM, CITY UNDERTAKERS - DAY

The word is part of a long horizontal sign that crosses three upright, open coffins. The sign reads - "MURDERED ON THE STREETS OF TOMBSTONE." In the coffins are the McLaurys and Billy Clanton.

INT. DOC'S ROOM - FLY'S BOARDING HOUSE - DAY

Big Nose Kate lovingly applies dressing to an ugly surface wound that runs across Doc's lower back. He is lying on his stomach diagonally across the bed so he can keep his hands on a bottle of whiskey on the floor.

EXT. ALLEN STREET - DAY

Moving Black Shapes in slow dirge-like motion. Now it becomes clear what they are: the Participants in a large Funeral Procession bearing the bodies of the McLaurys and Billy Clanton to their final rest. Many of the Participants are clearly Cowboys come into town to pay their respects, but there are many Townspeople as well. A few carry signs denouncing the "Murder" and calling for "Justice in Tombstone."

Wyatt stands among a group of his Allies on a raised sidewalk watching as the procession passes. Ike Clanton, Frank Stillwell, Pete Spence and Curly Bill Brocious cast deadly stares at Wyatt as they pass.

EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE - COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL - MAGIC HOUR

The Earps are moving everyone into this small hotel for security. Morgan is carried into the hotel on a stretcher; the younger Earp is in high spirits, recovering nicely, joking with the men who carry him. Lou, Allie, James and Bessie are bringing in luggage. Virgil, limping, moves among several Earp Allies who carry rifles and keep an eye out.

Wyatt comes up the street supporting a woozy Mattie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATTIE

I don't want to go to no hotel,
Wyatt...

WYATT

We're all going, Mattie.

MATTIE

Where's my medicine? Did you take
my medicine?

INT. LOBBY - COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL - MAGIC

Wyatt leads Mattie into the crowded lobby. Mattie looks up and sees Josie coming down the stairway. Mattie tries to break from Wyatt's grasp to attack Josie.

MATTIE

Nooooooo! You sonuvabitch, you
brought your whore!

JOSIE

(standing her ground)
I won't stay under the same roof
with that...

WYATT

Enough!

Everyone freezes. Doc and Big Nose Kate are at the front entrance, bags in tow, and have witnessed everything. Kate looks at Doc.

BIG NOSE KATE

Oh no... You're not cooping me up
with all of them. I'll take my
chances with the Clantons.

Kate turns on her heels and walks away. Doc watches her go. Josie heads back through the lobby and Wyatt half-carries Mattie upstairs.

EXT. COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL - DAY

Johnny Behan stands across the street from the hotel nervously watching this scene--

John Clum and one of Behan's men, DEPUTY BLACK stand waiting outside the front entrance of the hotel, surrounded by Earp Allies. Wyatt and Doc come out. They see Behan across the way and give him a contemptuous look. Wyatt nods to Clum.

CLUM

Wyatt... Doc.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WYATT

John... What are you doing here with him?

CLUM

Wyatt, I'm here as your friend... We have warrants for you and Doc, Morgan and Virgil for the crime of murder. Your brothers can stay here while they recover, but--

(indicating Black)

--he's here to take you in.

(glances over at Behan)

Behan was afraid if he came down here with his deputies, there'd be bloodshed.

DOC

Johnny's not as dumb as I thought.

CLUM

I told him he was a fool. That you believe in law and justice and that any trial will vindicate you.

WYATT

Law and justice aren't necessarily the same thing in this part of the country.

CLUM

You have friends, Wyatt. We'll make your bail and get you the best attorney. But the warrants are legal.

WYATT

I won't let them use the law to kill me and my family, John. I won't allow that.

EXT. FREMONT STREET - DAY

Townspeople look on in wonder at a sight they never expected to see: there being marched down the street in a little procession that includes Behan, Deputy Black, Clum and Doc Holliday, is Wyatt Earp, being taken off to jail.

INT. JAIL CELL - CITY JAIL - NIGHT

Wyatt and Doc are in a cell together. Wyatt lies on his bunk staring at the ceiling. Doc has his deck of cards.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOC

Wyatt, you're taking this too seriously.

(no response)

I know it's your first time on this side of the bars, but--

WYATT

It's not.

DOC

Come again?

WYATT

It's not my first time. I was in jail in Arkansas... a long time ago.

DOC

What'd you do... break the Sabbath?

WYATT

Horse theft.

DOC

Horse theft! Wyatt, I'm shocked. Did you do time?

WYATT

No. I ran.

DOC

I am shocked.
(looks over at him)
And impressed.

INT. WELLS SPICER'S COURTROOM - DAY

An extended SERIES OF SHOTS, encompassing the many days of testimony in the Inquest. The courtroom is filled to capacity. As the CAMERA GLIDES slowly around the room, the Witnesses change, the Crowd changes, the Principal Players appear in different outfits, each moment DISSOLVING into another. Taking their turns on the witness stand, energetically making their points or quietly offering testimony, we see-- Ike Clanton, Billy Claiborne, Johnny Behan, Wyatt, Virgil, Clem Hafford, and Various Witnesses we saw on the day of the Gunfight.

The last shot of this series begins at the back of the crowded courtroom and MOVES STEADILY IN on Wells Spicer on the bench as he reads his decision. Everyone is focused on him, every word matters. As we get closer, the MUSIC we've been hearing FADES AWAY and we hear--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDGE SPICER

...In view of the controversies between the Earps and the Clantons and the McLaurys, and the quarrel the night before between Isaac Clanton and John Holliday, I am of the opinion that the defendant, Virgil Earp, as chief of police, subsequently calling on his brothers and John Holliday to assist him in arresting and disarming the Clantons and the McLaurys -- committed an injudicious and censurable act...

(some reaction from the crowd)

...yet when you consider the existence of a law-defying element in our midst... and consider the many threats that have been made against the Earps, I can attach no criminality to his unwise act...

(more reaction)

...Moreover, the evidence taken before me in this case, would not, in my judgement, warrant a conviction of the defendants by trial jury... of any offense whatever.

(rising reaction)

I order the defendants to be released.

There is general relief around the Defendants' table. Wyatt and Doc exchange a serious look; neither goes for showing much in public. Wyatt stands and turns to look into the crowd.

WYATT'S POV. Josie rises from her seat in the audience. She's very relieved. Several rows behind her, Wyatt takes in the angry, hostile exit of Ike Clanton, Frank Stillwell, Curly Bill, Johnny Ringo and some of their Allies. They look his way, their glares holding the promise of future trouble.

Wyatt shows nothing.

EXT. CAMPBELL & HATCH SALOON AND BILLIARD PARLOR - NIGHT

Stormy night, rain and wind. Wyatt, Morgan and their friend SHERM MCMASTERS come down the sidewalk from the direction of the Oriental Saloon. McMasters goes into the billiard parlor. Morgan hesitates near the door.

WYATT

Haven't you had enough? Why don't you come on back to your sweet little girl and call it a night?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORGAN

You're gettin' old, Wyatt. I promised Bob one more chance to win his money back.

WYATT

(accepts, turns away)
Keep your eyes open.

Morgan gives him a jaunty, dismissive wave and goes into the billiard parlor. Wyatt continues down the sidewalk, looking around warily into the rainy darkness.

EXT. COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL - NIGHT

Wyatt walks slowly through the rain to the front entrance of the hotel. Through the door he can see another Earp friend, TEXAS JACK VERMILLION, on casual guard-- he sits in a chair facing the door with a Winchester across his lap, reading a dime novel.

Wyatt hesitates, thinking, then looks back in the direction he came from. Finally, he goes back that way, looking around as he goes.

INT. CAMPBELL & HATCH SALOON AND BILLIARD PARLOR - NIGHT

Morgan is involved in a joking, serious game of pool with Bob Hatch. Sherm McMasters and some other men look on. Wyatt comes in, shaking off the rain.

MORGAN

Look who don't know if he's comin' or goin'. You're just in time to see me whip Bob's ass for the fiftieth time.

Wyatt takes off his hat and sits in a chair against the wall.

BOB HATCH

Wyatt, maybe you can answer a question that's been doggin' me for years...

(strokes a nice shot, grins at Morgan)

...How come Morgan is the only Earp who's completely full of shit?

WYATT

(as Morgan laughs)

Bob, the whole family wants to know the answer to that one.

Morgan has his back to the door at the rear of the billiard parlor. Suddenly one of the four glass panels in the top half of the door IMPLodes with a deafening CRASH and three GUNSHOTS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Morgan is hit square in the back and blasted forward onto the pool table. Another shot EXPLODES the wall just above Wyatt's head. There is panic, shouts, and plenty of hitting the floor in the pool hall. Wyatt and Sherm immediately have revolvers in hand and rush out the rear door, pausing only an instant to check the alley.

EXT. ALLEY ENTRANCE - END OF THE BLOCK - NIGHT

It's hard to see in the rain and darkness, but three men pass through a sliver of light as they run out of the alley and split in two directions. If you're quick, you can recognize Frank Stillwell, Pete Spence, and a Mexican known as INDIAN CHARLIE. Behind them somewhere, a SHOT is blindly fired.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND BILLIARD PARLOR - NIGHT

Bob Hatch clamors out of the pool hall, cocking a shotgun just as Sherm and Wyatt move back into the light, guns drawn, unable to see a target. In the distance, the SOUND OF HOOFBEATS. Wyatt hurries back inside.

INT. CAMPBELL & HATCH SALOON AND BILLIARD PARLOR - NIGHT

The Patrons inside have tried to make Morgan comfortable. He lies on his back on the pool table, his dark blood quickly replacing the green of the table's felt. Wyatt pushes his way to Morgan's side and leans in close. The only time we've seen this look on his face before was when Urilla died.

PATRON

We sent for the Doctor and Lou,
Wyatt.

WYATT

It's going to be all right, Morg.

Bob Hatch comes back inside and turns to a thirteen-year-old BARBOY who stands terrified in the corner.

BOB HATCH

Go find James and Virgil Earp.

The Barboy nods unconvincingly and runs out the front door. Morgan looks up at Wyatt.

MORGAN

They got me, Wyatt... Don't let
them get you.

WYATT

You're not going to die on me,
Morg... I won't let you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORGAN

Put my legs out straight.

WYATT

They are, Morg.

MORGAN

(voice fading)

It won't be long now... Where's Lou?

WYATT

She's coming.

MORGAN

Wyatt...

Wyatt puts his ear down next to Morgan's mouth. Morgan whispers to Wyatt. Wyatt listens, then raises his head so Morgan can see him and nods. But Morgan cannot see him. His stare has gone blank. Now his body shakes for one last time and he seems to exhale all the life with one wretched rattle. He's dead.

Wyatt lifts away from his brother. He's in agony and seems not to be quite aware of his surroundings. When the front door BANGS OPEN and a frantic Lou rushes in, Wyatt can only watch as she goes to the pool table and throws herself upon her husband, WAILING. Doctor Goodfellow is close behind her, but to Wyatt the whole scene seems to be taking place in slow motion. He can only watch and try to understand... understand how everything that's happened has led to this dreadful moment.

EXT. TOUGH NUT STREET - NIGHT

The Barboy rounds the corner and peers frantically off down the block. There are half a dozen Pedestrians hurrying along through the rain. He sees something and runs down there.

Virgil, limping a little from his healing leg wound, is making his way down the block.

BARBOY

Marshal Earp, you gotta come quick!
It's your brother Morgan.

VIRGIL

What?

BARBOY

He's at Hatch's! Hurry!

The Barboy turns and runs off ahead of Virgil, disappearing around the corner. Virgil sets off after him, moving diagonally across the street as fast as he can. His path takes him in front of a half-constructed new wooden structure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FROM INSIDE THE CONSTRUCTION SITE we see Virgil moving along the street. Now, three hulking SILHOUETTES rise up with shotguns amidst the skeleton of the building. All three weapons hone in on Virgil and proceed to BIAST AWAY. Virgil is hit on his left side, taking at least one direct hit on his arm, shattering it. He flies into the mud. Beyond him, a hapless horse is sprayed in the flanks with buckshot and goes down writhing in a puddle. Windows across the street from the construction site SHATTER.

EXT. FIFTH STREET - NIGHT

AROUND THE CORNER the Barboy has slid to a confused stop, hearing the uproar behind him. He turns, terrified and starts back that way. He's almost to the alley when he hears HOOFBEATS coming across his path and jumps into the shadows.

From out of the alley ride three Horsemen, one still desperately trying to get mounted. Even in the rain and hubbub we can make out Ike Clanton, Curly Bill and Johnny Ringo. Ike is the one having trouble mounting. He finally gets up on the moving horse, but loses his hat in the mud. The three men gallop off into the darkness.

The Barboy, crying and trembling, comes forward. He looks after the men, then bends and picks up Ike's lost hat.

EXT. COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL - NIGHT

The place has the appearance of a fortress now. Earp Allies - prominent among which are Texas Jack and Sherm McMasters - patrol the perimeter of the ground floor.

INT. VIRGIL'S ROOM, COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL - NIGHT

Virgil is being treated on his bed and it's a bloody mess. Dr. Goodfellow directs two Assistants and Bessie Earp in the operation. While Virgil has taken a superficial hit in his side, he may have been saved by his left arm. That's where Goodfellow is concentrating his efforts as Allie, in shock from the combined events of the evening, clings tightly to Virgil's good hand. Virgil presents Allie with a brave smile. Wyatt comes in.

WYATT

How is he?

ALLIE

(coldly)

You can see for yourself.

VIRGIL

(pleading)

Wyatt, don't let him take my arm.
He wants to cut it off.

(CONTINUED)

WYATT EARP

CONTINUED:

WYATT

You heard him, Doc.

DR. GOODFELLOW

Either way, he's gonna be a cripple... if he doesn't bleed to death.

VIRGIL

At least I'll be a two-armed corpse.

Allie breaks down in tears.

VIRGIL

Never mind, I've got one arm left to hug you with.

Allie tries to manage a smile. Virgil looks beyond the crowd of moving bodies through the open door to the next room.

VIRGIL

Where's Morgan?

Allie lowers her eyes and begins to sob. Virgil is in the dark.

INT. HALLWAY - COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL - NIGHT

Wyatt steps out into the hall and seems to take his first breath in a while. He crosses to a door down the hall and quietly opens the door.

INT. LOU'S ROOM - NIGHT

Josie sits quietly next to the bed in the gloomy room. Lou lies on her stomach, head in a pillow, softly keening. Josie indicates to Wyatt that there's nothing more for him, or anyone, to do here.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Wyatt comes out of Lou's room and wanders down the hall to the stairwell. Curtains cover the window there, but Wyatt pushes them open a ways and stares out into the darkness.

DOC (O.S.)

Careful... I don't want them taking a shot at you.

Doc sits on the steps, his back against the wall. He's drinking from a flask and his eyes are redder than normal. In his hand is Ike Clanton's lost, muddy hat. Doc hands it to Wyatt, who looks at it without surprise, then drops it on the floor. Wyatt makes no move to close the curtain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOC

I'm so sorry, Wyatt...
(his voice cracks)
...I loved that boy like he was my
own stupid little brother...

Doc is crying now, tears rolling down his cheeks. He tries to sniff it clear, but that only provokes a violent coughing fit. Finally, handkerchief to mouth, he is able to get under control.

DOC

What do you want to do?

CLOSE ON WYATT, looking out into the night. He looks different than we have ever seen him. Something decent in him has died. And something dark and hard and implacable has replaced it.

WYATT

Kill 'em all.

INT. COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL - VIRGIL'S ROOM - DAY

Virgil is in the room alone when Wyatt enters. He looks up to Wyatt. He is still bandaged across his chest and needs Wyatt's help as he starts to slip on his shirt.

VIRGIL

How're we gonna get 'em?

The following may well be the hardest conversation Wyatt has ever had in his life. His face and voice are drained of emotion and what is left is business. Strictly business. Deadly business with no room for mistakes or emotion.

WYATT

We're not.

Wyatt helps Virgil on with his remaining shirtsleeve. Virgil looks up at him.

WYATT

You're no good to me now, Virgil...

VIRGIL

Wyatt...

WYATT

You're busted up and you're a liability.

Virgil looks down at his shoes as Wyatt buttons Virgil's shirt. Virgil looks back up, tears in his eyes.

VIRGIL

Damn, Wyatt... I could...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WYATT

It's over, Virg. I'll handle it.

Wyatt buttons the last button on Virgil's shirt.

WYATT

You're the best of us, Virgil. You always were.

INT. MATTIE'S ROOM - DAY

Mattie sits on the edge of the bed staring at the wall; she's half dressed. There is a partially packed trunk on the floor and clothes strewn about. Wyatt comes in.

WYATT

It's time to go now, Mattie.

She looks up at him, very stoned.

MATTIE

Sure, sugar. Off to California with the Earps...

(gives him a strange smile)

Hmm. You're the only brother who hasn't been shot. That's not fair...

She lifts a gun from her side, points it at his head. He ducks as she FIRES.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Sherm McMasters comes running down the hall, gun drawn. Wyatt opens the door to Mattie's room from the inside. Mattie lies on the bed, sobbing. He hands Sherm the revolver Mattie used.

WYATT

There was an accident. Everything's okay now.

He closes the door on Sherm.

INT. MATTIE'S ROOM - DAY

Wyatt sits on the bed.

WYATT

Mattie, if you want to go on the train with the others, you'll have to go now. I don't know when I'll be back here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATTIE

Go to hell. When you get back,
I'll be gone.

She sits up woozily and snatches a bottle of Laudanum from the table. Wyatt makes no attempts to stop her from taking a pull.

WYATT

If you keep up with that stuff,
it'll kill you.

MATTIE

What do you care?

Wyatt looks at her, then finally gets up.

WYATT

I don't anymore.

EXT. WELLS FARGO DEPOT - DAY

The stagecoach has recently arrived and disgorged its passengers. One of them, a handsome young man of 26 with unmistakable bloodlines, carries his satchel away from the depot, asking directions once.

EXT. COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL - DAY

The place is still heavily fortified; armed Earp Allies protect the entrance. The young man approaches the hotel, but is stopped by TURKEY CREEK JACK JOHNSON. They are engaged in a discussion when Wyatt happens out the front door. When he sees the young man, he moves to him and embraces him. It is his youngest brother, WARREN EARP.

WARREN

I've come to help bring Morgan home
to Ma and Pa.

WYATT

I'm glad you're here, Warren.

EXT. TRAIN DEPOT, CONTENTION, ARIZONA - DAY

Two buckboard wagons are pulled up next to the growling train. One wagon has been full of luggage; the other has carried Morgan's coffin and various crates containing the easily transportable possessions of the Earp Clan as they pull up stakes from Tombstone. The able-bodied men in the traveling party -- Wyatt, Doc, Warren, Sherm-- help Train Porters place Morgan's coffin in the baggage car and turn to the rest of the luggage.

DOWN THE TRAIN. James and Allie supervise as Virgil, hobbled and heavily bandaged but ambulatory is helped up to a train compartment by the Train Porters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bessie, who seemed so rough with Lou back in Tombstone, now tenderly guides the still dazed young widow and up into the passenger car. The Station Master comes down the track with a telegram in hand and gives it to Doc. Wyatt and Warren watch him read it.

DOC

It's from Bob Paul in Tucson. He says Ike Clanton, Frank Stillwell and some of their friends are in Tucson and they've been watching the trains. Seems like someone in Tombstone told them we were coming.

WYATT

Good.

(turns to Warren)

We'll go as far as Tucson and get you out of the territory. You'll stay on the train and help James and the women get Virgil and Morg home to California.

WARREN

(shakes his head "no")

James and them can get Morgan back. If you're going after the men that did this, I'm going with you.

Wyatt gives him a look. He's as headstrong as Morgan was.

LATER. The train huffs its way out of the station and into the desert.

EXT. DESERT - MAGIC HOUR

The train shoots black smoke into the red sky as the sun sinks beneath the desert horizon.

INT. EARP'S CAR - NIGHT

The train is slowing for its arrival in Tucson. This car is entirely filled with the Earp party. A Conductor helps Wyatt turn down the lamps in the car as the others pull all the shades. Wyatt motions Warren up to the front of the car.

WYATT

James'll watch the back door, you watch this one. Anybody tries to come on, shoot 'em.

EXT. EARP'S CAR - RAIL YARD, TUCSON - NIGHT

The train is still slowing down as Wyatt, Doc and Sherm drop off onto the ground. Wyatt carries a shotgun, Sherm a Winchester and Doc his nickel-plated revolver. Wyatt begins walking stealthily down one side of the train toward the station, Doc and Sherm down the other.

EXT. TRACKS NEAR DEPOT - TUCSON - NIGHT

Ike Clanton, Frank Stillwell and Johnny Ringo, all armed, appear from between two railroad cars. They look up the tracks at the approaching train, murmur to each other and split up, Stillwell going in one direction, Clanton and Ringo off in another.

Doc and Sherm come down the tracks, peering about. They speak, then split off in two directions in the darkness.

Wyatt walks carefully down the tracks as the train he just left comes to a halt in the station. Wyatt bends as he walks to look under the other trains waiting in the yard and checks between cars at the couplings. Suddenly, sensing something, he stops, waits, listens. Then, like a cat, he disappears under one of the stationary cars.

ON THE ROOF OF A FREIGHT CAR. Ringo climbs up, then settles himself in a prone position from which he has a vantage on the tracks and depot. He sights along the newly arrived tram to the passenger cars, one of which is the darkened Earp car.

ON A LOADING DOCK. Ike hops up onto the dock and settles himself and his Winchester in the shadows with a clear view of the depot platform and into the passenger car if the train pulls out. He tenses as he sees Sherm come into the light of the platform, mingling with the regular passengers, looking around.

ON THE TRACKS. Frank Stillwell, revolver in hand, moves along behind a train sitting on the parallel track to the Earp train. He climbs up onto the platform between two cars and looks over at the Earp train's passenger cars.

STILLWELL'S POV as he looks down the line of passenger cars. As his eye reaches the darkened car, Warren appears for a moment out of the shadows of the doorway cradling a Winchester, then disappears back into the car.

Stillwell, encouraged now, hops back down on the far side of his train, about to move up the line closer to the Earp car. He's just landed when he looks up and GASPS. Wyatt stands silhouetted six feet away, his shotgun raised at Stillwell. Stillwell has his gun in his hand, but he remains frozen in terror.

WYATT

You murdered my brother.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Stillwell raises his hand, as if to ward off the coming onslaught. He seems almost unaware that it is the hand that holds his Colt.

STILLWELL

No!

Wyatt fires one barrel of the shotgun into Stillwell's gut. He is blown back into the gravel. Wyatt steps forward over the prone body, his look horrible.

WYATT

Yes.

He points the shotgun at Stillwell and fires the other barrel.

ON THE LOADING DOCK Ike flinches at the second blast. He shrinks back.

ON THE ROOF OF THE FREIGHT CAR Ringo shifts his body around, trying to locate the source of the shots. It's hidden from his view.

BETWEEN TRAINS Doc has been stalking, searching fruitlessly. But now he sees the flash of Ringo's Winchester on the roof of the freight car. Doc steadies his arm and fires a shot in that direction.

Ringo is shocked by a near miss on the rooftop, not sure where it came from. He rolls in the opposite direction and barely stops himself from falling to the tracks. As it is, he looks like a frightened monkey as he half falls, half scrambles down the ladder on the opposite side and runs off into the darkness.

Wyatt hears nothing, or cares not at all. He is standing over Stillwell's body with a crazed look on his face. He takes out his Colt and fires it down toward the lifeless body. As he is firing away, Sherm appears at a run. Wyatt raises his gun momentarily at the newcomer, recognizes Sherm and lowers his gun again to fire until empty.

ON THE LOADING DOCK these GUNSHOTS are too much for Ike; too easily can he conjure up the scene of what's happening. He pulls his Winchester to his body and runs off in the other direction.

Back on the tracks, Doc has arrived at Wyatt's position. He looks with amazement at the body on the ground, then up at Wyatt's face, as if seeing it for the first time. He puts a gentle hand on Wyatt.

DOC

Okay Wyatt... let's go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They turn away from the mutilated corpse and find Warren up on the platform between the cars of the empty train. It's impossible to know how much he's seen, but from the horror in his eyes it's clear he's never seen anything like it before. He looks at Wyatt, dumbstruck.

INT. EARP'S CAR - NIGHT

The train is starting to crawl out of the station. Goodbyes have already been said. Sherm and Doc are down on the platform with their things. Warren gives a final wave to the remaining Earps and hops off. Wyatt stops at the injured Virgil on his way to the door.

WYATT

It's all right, Virg. One for Morg.

Virgil acknowledges it with sadness. Wyatt touches his shoulder and goes out the door, hopping off the train onto the platform. Virgil and Allie (who's crying), James and Bessie, and the shell-shocked Lou look grimly forward as the train heads off to California.

EXT. COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL - TOMBSTONE - DAY

Wyatt, Warren, Sherm and Doc ride up, tired and dust-covered from their return trip. A telegraph operator named ALBERT hurries up to Wyatt with a telegram in his hand.

ALBERT

Marshal Earp, I think you ought to take a look at this. I haven't showed it to Sheriff Behan yet...

(a beat, shy)

Your brother was a good man.

Wyatt hands it back to him and gives him an appreciative look.

WYATT

I'm grateful, Albert.

(to the others)

They got a warrant out for us on Stillwell already. I guess everybody in Tucson saw us there.

DOC

Really? Even with you bein' so quiet and all?

WYATT

We better collect our stuff and go. Sherm, see if the two Jacks will take a ride with us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WARREN

(confused)

Wyatt, you're still a marshal here,
ain't you?

DOC

Sure, but now he's gonna be a
marshal and an outlaw...

(heading inside)

...the best of both worlds, son.

INT. JOSIE'S ROOM - COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL - DAY

Josie enfolds the dusty Wyatt in passionate embrace. Wyatt holds
her face close as he speaks to her.

WYATT

I want you to go to Colorado. I
want you to go find Bat Masterson.
I'll send him a wire.

JOSIE

(interrupting)

Wyatt...

WYATT

I can't be thinking about
protecting you, Josie. You
understand? It could get me
killed.

They are both quiet a beat.

JOSIE

I'll do whatever you want me to.

WYATT

I'll come to you as soon as I can.
As soon as it's over... as soon as
it's safe.

Wyatt seems to anticipate her next question.

WYATT

I don't know when that will be but
I'll come to you.

She puts her head on his chest and they embrace. He looks out
the window at the dry, dusty town.

WYATT

Colorado's not like here... it's
green... it's so green... They
have wildflowers there and it's so
green...

EXT. COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL - DAY

There is a buckboard in front loaded with bedrolls, bags and supplies; Texas Jack is wrangling it. Sherm, Doc, Warren, Turkey Creek Jack and Wyatt are just preparing to mount up. John Clum, looking distraught, is talking to Wyatt.

CLUM

You couldn't have been trying to arrest him, Wyatt, not with close to twenty bullet holes in his body.

WYATT

No, I wasn't trying to arrest him.

CLUM

(disturbed by his friend)

I... I don't know what to say to that...

Wyatt hands him an envelope.

WYATT

This is my will, John. I've named you as executor. Not that there's much left...

CLUM

This is not a jungle, Wyatt. We have laws.

WYATT

Yes, we do. And if these men think they can hide behind those laws... then they have missed their guess.

Johnny Behan hurries down the street with three heavily-armed (but nervous) Deputies in tow. Behan has the telegram we've seen earlier in his hand. Passing Townspeople stop to watch the confrontation.

BEHAN

Wyatt, I want to see you.

Wyatt swings up onto his horse, then speaks down at Behan, like ice.

WYATT

You might just see me once too often, Johnny.

Wyatt sweeps a dismissive glance over at the Deputies as he wheels his horse and leads his group out.

EXT. ALLEN STREET - DAY

China Mary sits in the big chair smoking her pipe. Now, she watches Wyatt and his men ride slowly by. She rises slowly from her chair and walks to the edge of the porch, staring at Wyatt.

CHINA MARY

You no kill 'em a little bit... you better kill 'em all.

Wyatt looks at her, eyes like deep wells. He turns his head to watch her, then faces back to the dusty road out of Tombstone.

EXT. CURLY BILL'S DESERT HIDEOUT - DAY

A lone outlaw sentry stands on a rock watching the approach to the system of desert caves. In the distance he sees a rider kicking up dust as he comes full tilt towards the hideout. The sentry takes his rifle and just for the fun of it sights on the rider, who as he approaches, we recognize as Johnny Behan.

BEHAN

It's me, ya damn fool!

EXT. CAVE - CURLY BILL'S DESERT HIDEOUT - DAY

Behan is with Curly Bill, Johnny Ringo, Ike Clanton and sundry other outlaws.

BEHAN

Now we got him. We can shoot him on sight and the territorial government'll pay us to do it.

So saying he pulls out a dozen silver stars with the words: Deputy Sheriff, Cochise County, emblazoned on each. The outlaws get a great giggle out of this.

JOHNNY

Well I'll be...

CURLY BILL

Deputies!

IKE

I'll be damned.

Like monkeys playing with a trunk of clothes, the outlaws pin the badges on, point to one another and themselves and laugh.

BEHAN

You are all now a legally constituted posse of Deputy Sheriffs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Behan remembers as an afterthought.

BEHAN

(continuing)

Oh... Raise your right hands and repeat after me.

Curly Bill however is in no mood to play.

CURLY BILL

Shut up and let's ride.

The outlaws all start to mount up and a disappointed Ike, who has missed his moment of glory crosses to Behan. He'll play if nobody else will.

IKE

I'll raise my right hand, Johnny.

BEHAN

Shut up.

EXT. PETE SPENCE'S RANCH - SUNSET

Out near the tumbledown cabin, Florentino Cruz, A.K.A. Indian Charlie, is chopping wood. He looks up as he hears horses approach and though he wears no gun a Henry rifle is propped up near the chopping block. He grabs it and looks up at the approaching horsemen.

REVERSE ANGLE - ON WYATT AND HIS MEN

They see Cruz now picking up his weapon. Wyatt calls out:

WYATT

Cruz? Florentino Cruz?

By way of response Cruz draws a bead and fires. It is the only shot he will get off. Wyatt and his men all pull their weapons, spur their horses and charge, cavalry style towards Cruz, firing their guns as they gallop towards him.

ANGLE ON CRUZ

At the sight of Wyatt and his men bearing down on him Cruz turns to run and Wyatt and his men, the code of Western movies notwithstanding, continue firing even though his back is turned. Cruz is hit in the buttocks and falls to the ground.

CRUZ

(in agony)

Oh my butt... oh my butt...

Memorable last words indeed as several more bullets rip open his chest and splatter on the earth and outbuildings behind him.

WYATT EARP

EXT. BOB PAUL'S OFFICE - TUCSON - DAY

The sign on the Sheriff's office says: Sheriff's Office - Robert Paul, Sheriff. A man whom we will come to recognize as PETE SPENCE enters the office.

INT. BOB PAUL'S OFFICE - DAY

Sheriff Bob Paul sits at his desk doing paperwork as Spence enters.

SPENCE
Are you Sheriff Paul?

PAUL
(looking up)
I am...

Spence pulls out his gun and Paul goes for his, misunderstanding the move.

SPENCE
(hurriedly)
Whoa... Whoa! I ain't drawin'
down, Mister. I'm givin' up.

By now Paul's gun is out and Spence's gun is on Paul's desk in front of him.

PAUL
Who are you?

SPENCE
I'm Pete Spence... and I shot
Morgan Earp and I'm givin' up and I
want you to put me in your jail
before his maniac brother finds me.

PAUL
You're ready to sign a confession?

SPENCE
Mister, I'm ready to write a book
if that's what it takes. Earp's
already killed Stillwell and
Cruz... and the way I figure,
prison ain't near as confining as a
grave.

EXT. MESCAL CANYON - SUNSET

The sunset is indeed beautiful in this part of the country. Curly Bill and his men are tired. They are also awfully hot, the dust caked on the sweat which pours from each of them. Johnny turns to Curly Bill.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHNNY

Bill, it's almost sunset... It's been a long, hot day. Beans and bed would sure go good about now. We ain't gonna find anybody at night...

CURLY BILL

Okay but no fires.

IKE

(whining)

I hate cold beans.

They dismount and hobble their horses.

EXT. MESCAL CANYON - SUNSET

Wyatt and his party are strung out through the canyon. It is awfully hot and the men are exhausted.

ANGLE ON WYATT

He too is showing signs of wear and tear and he loosens his gun belt to its last notch and lets out a sigh. The land in this part of the countryside of Mescal Canyon is thick with mesquite and palo christi so thick and so high that a man could travel ten paces from his group and no longer see them. And so it is now that Wyatt is out a little ways in front of his men so that they cannot see him and he quite literally rides right into the middle of Curly Bill's camp. Curly Bill and his men have all dismounted. They are lying on blankets, eating beans when Wyatt quite simply rides into their midst.

ANGLE ON CURLY BILL

looking up.

CURLY BILL

What the...

He drops his plate of beans and scrambles for his six gun which he has taken off.

ANGLE ON WYATT

He is taken by surprise and horrified at finding himself literally all alone in the enemy's camp. Guns start coming out from every direction. There is no question that if he tries to wheel his horse and run he will be gunned down. So he leaps off his horse, holding the reins to use it for cover. Unfortunately, because the gun belt has been loosened, as he hits the ground his gun belt with the Buntline special holstered, slips down from his waist and falls down around his ankles, causing him to trip over his own gun belt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WYATT

Damn!

He reaches his hand up as shots ring out, one hitting his horse in the flank. Wyatt grabs the shotgun from its scabbard and as his horse bellows in pain and falls, Wyatt finds himself literally face to face with Curly Bill, finding himself just as shocked to be staring into the double barrels of Wyatt's shotgun which now explodes and blasts him to perdition.

CUT TO:

DOC AND THE OTHERS

They hear the gunfire. Doc draws his weapon and spurs his horse and he rides straight into the camp which is now full of men scurrying for their horses. One outlaw is drawing down on Wyatt who is bending over to pick up his gun and trips over the belt and goes sprawling, allowing the bullet to pass harmlessly overhead. Doc fires and that outlaw goes down.

BEHAN

They got us surrounded!

He and Ike and Johnny and the others leap aboard their animals and spur them off in all directions as Doc leaps off his horse to Wyatt, who appears to have been hit.

DOC

Wyatt, you hit?

WYATT

I tripped.

DOC

What?

WYATT

I got caught with my knickers down around my ankles Doc, and I tripped. Scary... Jeeze that was scary.

An embarrassed Wyatt stands and pulls his gun belt back up around his waist as if pulling on his BVDs and cinches the belt.

DOC

We could probably catch up to a few of them... You wanna go after 'em?

WYATT

No.

DOC

Good... Neither do I.

EXT. FORT HUACHUCA, ARIZONA - DAY

A tired and dirty Johnny Behan rides up to Fort Huachuca.

INT. CAPTAIN CLARK'S OFFICE - FT. HUACHUCA, ARIZONA - DAY

CAPTAIN CLARK is the commanding officer of this frontier outpost. Johnny Behan stands in front of him.

BEHAN

The Earp gang was responsible for the deaths of Frank and Tom McLaury and Billy Clanton. They got off on a legal loophole but now they've shown their true colors and they've gone on a murdering rampage. Now I am demanding Federal help in apprehending these killers who have overwhelmed the abilities of the Sheriff of Cochise County.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOMBSTONE - DAY

A mounted troop of cavalry rides through the town as if ready for war.

EXT. CELESTIAL LAUNDRY - TOMBSTONE - DAY

China Mary watches impassively as a young cavalry trooper pulls out a wanted poster and ironically hammers it into place over a wanted poster which says: Wanted Dead or Alive for Murder - Curly Bill Brocius. Over that poster, the trooper hammers the new one into place which reads: Wanted Dead or Alive for Murder - Wyatt Earp. The poster bears Earp's likeness.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

EFFECTS SHOT -

We are looking through a hand-held telescope at a patrol of cavalrymen coming through the desert. There is a mighty dust storm blowing and the cavalrymen, heads down bent against the wind, push on through the harsh countryside.

REVERSE ANGLE

From behind boulders Wyatt watches the cavalrymen through his telescope as next to him we see Doc, Sherm, Vermillion and Johnson. The wind kicks up the sand, biting into their faces. Wyatt passes the telescope to Doc who looks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOC

Shoot... you'd think we were the
entire Apache nation on the war
path from the number of blue coats
they got out lookin' for us.

Sherm is reading a well-worn evidently week old newspaper.

SHERM

Says here Johnny Behan sent a wire
to the President demanding Federal
troops be sent in to stop the
wholesale slaughter.

DOC

Why'd the President listen to him?
We're Republicans... why doesn't he
listen to us?

SHERM

I don't see how we're gonna be able
to get past all of 'em...

WYATT

There's gotta be some way.

DOC

Wyatt...

WYATT

What?

DOC

...I want to see Johnny Ringo just
as dead as you do. But when the
rabbit goes into the hole... it's
time to... it's time to...

It is clear that Doc has gotten lost in this metaphor.

WYATT

It's time to what, Doc?

DOC

Oh how should I know... I'm a
dentist and a gambler and a
gentleman... It's time to grow
carrots... okay? It's time to get
out of these God forsaken dust
storms. It's time for a drink and
a bath and a hard mattress and a
soft woman and the hell with
rabbits. God, how I hate the
desert!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE GREENEST MEADOW YOU HAVE EVER SEEN

It sits in a tiny valley wedged in between two mountain ranges with a full creek running down the middle of the valley bisecting it into two lush meadows gone crazy with the colors of wild flowers sprinkled throughout. The mouth of the canyon is the only way in and from the small homesteaders cabin tucked way in a corner of the valley you can see anyone approaching. If you needed to run you could follow the creek back up into the mountains to any one of several dozen trails. It is in short, a perfect place for laying low. Into that valley now rides Wyatt. His horse and clothes and face caked with trail dust that make him look foreign in this lush green setting; a visitor from a far off dry, foreboding land. The look on his face is one of relief and release, a sinner on a twenty-four hour pass in paradise, and up ahead of him he sees Josie. She has planted a small garden next to the homesteader's cabin, her hair is down and long and patches of light play on it through the trees. The setting is so beautiful and so different from all he has just been through that you know that when he swallows now, it is not gulping trail dust as much as choking back the emotion of coming home to a place you've never seen before.

Josie looks up not from any sound but from a feeling at the back of her neck or perhaps a tickle in her throat, something which not even forest animals could see or hear or smell, something which lets her know her love is near. She turns to him, speaks his name, Wyatt, without any sound, rushes to him, says it again in a rush in a whisper in a prayer in Thanksgiving, Wyatt, in rejoicing...

JOSIE

...Wyatt!

And into each others arms, her kissing him, him luxuriating in the touch of her lips on his skin, breaking through the caked on dust, breaking through with kisses and tears, she kisses him again. And again as if to make sure he is here and alive and here. She says his name over and over again as if with each utterance she can make him be more real, planted there in front of her in this valley and not just in her imagination or dreams.

JOSIE

Wyatt... Wyatt... Wyatt... Wyatt...

As if overcome with both their emotions and the beauty of the place they sink down into the grass holding onto each other, little whimper sounds rising from both their throats. He kisses her now, full on the mouth as if kisses could make one forget, as if kisses were a way to hide and be hidden and there is something in that kiss that Josie feels... not passion for her... not longing for her... and she puts her fingers up to his lips to stop him, to give a moment for the rush of blood to leave her head so she can think and understand and then she does and there is a look on her face, neither of terror nor even disappointment... just heartrending sadness.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOSIE

It's not over yet... is it?

And Wyatt shakes his head, no, and she sighs and pulls his head down onto her breast.

JOSIE

(softer than the breeze)

Hide here... let me hide you... you
hide here for awhile...

She pulls him in tighter, rocking slowly, rocking slowly.

INT. HOMESTEADER'S CABIN - COLORADO - NIGHT

A bathtub of soapy water sits in the center of the room, a fluffy white towel is on the floor and a freshly bathed, hair still wet Wyatt is in bed with the woman he loves. As the fireplace crackles, an orange light from the fire plays out across the bed.

EXT. HOMESTEADER'S CABIN - COLORADO - DAY

We hear the thwack of a log being split as Wyatt chops wood for the fireplace and Josie smiles up at him from where she kneels, tending the garden. It is an idyllic scene.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WOODS BEHIND THE HOMESTEADER'S CABIN - COLORADO - SUNSET

There is a beautiful deer in the woods. It stands there frozen with fear.

REVERSE ANGLE

ON Wyatt sighting the deer through a Henry rifle. His finger starts to squeeze on the trigger and then he lowers the rifle.

ANGLE ON THE DEER

It looks at him quizzically.

ANGLE ON WYATT

Almost disgusted with himself, he says to the deer.

WYATT

Shut up.

The deer just looks at him.

WYATT

Well go on, shoo... ya dumb deer.

CUT TO:

INT. HOMESTEADER'S CABIN - COLORADO - SUNSET

Josie is bent over a cooking fire, she looks up as Wyatt enters with the rifle in his hand and no meat for dinner.

JOSIE

No luck?

Wyatt puts something on the table. She cannot see what it is.

WYATT

Carrots... it's what you grow when the rabbit goes into the hole.

EXT. HOMESTEADER'S CABIN - DAY

With his shirt off Wyatt works in the garden. There is no gun belt at his hip and in his hands there is a hoe if not plowshares. Nearby Josie is gathering eggs from the chicken coops.

REVERSE ANGLE

ON the figures of four horsemen dressed in black who ride up far away across the meadow with the sun behind them so we cannot make out who they are. There is only the way they ride and the rifles sticking up in their scabbards that tells us these men are not homesteaders.

ANGLE ON JOSIE

She looks up, frightened.

JOSIE

Wyatt...?

ANGLE ON WYATT

He looks up, sees them, squints his eyes against the sun, drops the hoe and picks up the rifle leaning against the cabin.

WYATT

Get in the cabin, Josie.

She crosses to the cabin as Wyatt cocks the rifle. He shades his eyes against the sun trying to make out who the riders are as behind him the cabin door opens and Josie comes out carrying the shotgun into which she rams two shells and snaps the action shut.

BAT (O.C.)

Wyatt...!

Wyatt squints his eyes even more and then recognizes his old friend.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WYATT
(trying to act nonchalant as
he puts the rifle down)
Oh... hi...

The riders come more into focus and we see that with Bat is Marsh Williams, a fellow by the name of FRED DODGE, and Sherm McMasters.

NEW ANGLE

as the horsemen dismount and Josie puts aside the shotgun...

WYATT
Hello Marsh... long time no see...
Sherm... I thought you were in
Denver with Doc.

BAT
Marsh here wanted to see you Wyatt,
and for some reason he thought I
might know where you were.

MARSH
Wyatt, this is Fred Dodge. He is
an undercover detective for Wells
Fargo.

EXT. HOMESTEADER'S CABIN - COLORADO - DAY

The table has been set outside under a tree where Wyatt sits with Marsh, Bat, and Sherm and Fred. The men drink coffee and eat cornbread with big slabs of fresh churned butter.

FRED
You boys did quite a job, Wyatt.
We haven't had a stage hit or a
bank robbed or any cattle rustled
for the last three months.

MARSH
Whatever influence Wells Fargo has
is going to be used with the
Governor of Colorado to fight your
extradition.

Wyatt looks at him long and hard.

WYATT
Well I appreciate that, Marsh. But
I don't believe that's what you
came all this way to tell me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARSH

It is part of the reason, Wyatt...
Sooner or later word's going to get
out that you're laying low and
Johnny Ringo may get the idea that
he can start back up again... right
where he left off. He's the only
one left who could do that.

WYATT

And...?

MARSH

He was one of the men who killed
Morgan...

WYATT

I'm aware of that.

MARSH

We could help you get him if you're
still of a mind to do that... I
have been authorized to tell you
that the home office would be
willing to express its appreciation
with a reward for you or your men
upon presentation of suitable proof
that Ringo has been eliminated.

Wyatt just looks at him.

MARSH

(continuing)

Now I cannot provide documentation
for that offer, and I would call
you a liar if you ever quote me...
but the offer is there nonetheless.
You want Ringo dead for family
reasons. For the home office it's
just good business.

HOLD on Wyatt's look as he glances up at Josie who watches him
from the cabin and then goes sadly inside, knowing that the idyll
is over.

EXT. TOMBSTONE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

EXT. SHERIFF OF COCHISE COUNTY'S OFFICE - DAY

The windows are sandbagged and as before there are armed guards
out in front of the Sheriff's office when from inside we hear a
whoop and a holler from Johnny Behan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEHAN (O.C.)

He's dead! That son of a bitch is dead.

Out comes Behan clutching a newspaper as though it is the Holy Grail. With more whoops and hollers he races down the street towards his house.

EXT. JOHNNY BEHAN'S HOUSE - TOMBSTONE - DAY

The windows of this house are sandbagged as well and there is an armed guard perched behind a sandbagged emplacement to the right of the building. Behan comes up laughing and holding the newspaper. He enters the house.

INT. JOHNNY BEHAN'S HOUSE - TOMBSTONE - DAY

Johnny Ringo pale and drunk sits at a table cheating at solitaire when Behan enters. Johnny almost jumps at the sound and reaches for his gun.

BEHAN

Put down the cannon, Johnny m'lad... you're free and so am I.

JOHNNY

What are you talkin' about?

He tosses the newspaper onto the table.

BEHAN

He's dead, Johnny. That paper just came in from New Mexico.

JOHNNY

Earp? He's dead?

BEHAN

Killed in a barroom brawl...

Johnny Ringo lets out a war whoop.

JOHNNY

Well, let's go drink to him. Let him roast in hell!

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

The train speeds along through the back country.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Wyatt and Doc sit with their hats pulled low staring out at the countryside. The train begins to slow down. Opposite them sits a travelling salesman.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SALESMAN

We're slowing down. I certainly hope nothing's the matter.

He looks out the window craning his neck to see what could be holding up the progress of the train. Then he turns back to Wyatt and Doc, his travelling companions.

SALESMAN

I certainly hope...

NEW ANGLE

Revealing Doc and Wyatt are not there. The salesman is confused.

NEW ANGLE

Door to the railroad car. It is closing slowly.

EXT. TRAIN - DAY

The train slows to a crawl, the last car passes us revealing Fred Dodge holding two horses as Wyatt and Doc jump down from the train.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - ARIZONA - DAY

Doc and Wyatt and Fred Dodge ride full tilt through the countryside.

EXT. HOOKER RANCH - ARIZONA - DAY

This is a sprawling, very rich-looking, tidy ranch. There is a sign over the entrance which proclaims "Hooker Ranch." Wyatt and Doc and Fred ride their exhausted, sweating horses up onto the property.

EXT. HOOKER RANCH - CORRALS - DAY

Wyatt and Doc and Fred dismount. Marsh Williams is there. Cowhands are readying fresh mounts for all of them. In addition, there are several other gunmen who are preparing to leave with Wyatt.

MARSH

Frank Leslie spotted Ringo leaving Tombstone. He trailed him up toward Turkey Creek Canyon. He just sent back word with Billy.

WYATT

Any idea where he's headed?

(CONTINUED)

WYATT EARP

CONTINUED:

MARSH

Probably the Smith place or the Sanders'. Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Sanders both think of him as one of their favorites. They keep a pot of beans on for him night and day.

WYATT

Let's go.

The party mounts up. Wyatt, Doc, Fred Dodge and the three n.d. gunmen. Marsh Williams looks up at them.

MARSH

I won't be here when you get back.

WYATT

I didn't figure you would.

EXT. TURKEY CREEK CANYON - SUNSET

Wyatt and his party of Doc, Fred and the three additional gunmen ride up through the canyon. Up ahead of them is FRANK LESLIE, a very tough-looking customer. He motions them to be quiet. Wyatt halts his horse, hands the reins to Doc and walks over to Frank.

FRANK

He's up there, Wyatt. Maybe a quarter of a mile. He's pretty drunk... he's been celebrating ever since he heard you were dead.

EXT. TURKEY CREEK CANYON - EVENING

Johnny rides along very drunk and in a wonderful mood, singing softly to himself.

CUT TO:

EXT. TURKEY CREEK CANYON - EVENING

Wyatt, Doc and their party circle up on foot spreading out as if on a deer hunt.

EXT. TURKEY CREEK CANYON - EVENING

Johnny rides along, takes a swig out of his flask, replaces it and then hears something. He reins in his horse and listens for footfalls in the dark. The horse snorts and he smacks its head with an open palm.

JOHNNY

(to the horse)

Shhhh.

ANGLE ON WYATT

some fifty yards away, circling up in front of Johnny.

ANGLE ON JOHNNY

peering out into the darkness.

ANGLE ON WYATT

closing the distance.

ANGLE ON JOHNNY

He seems to make something out and then hears the worst sound imaginable for him... Wyatt's voice.

WYATT (O.C.)

Hello Johnny...

JOHNNY

(terrified, to himself)

Earp...?

ANGLE ON WYATT

He raises his rifle.

WYATT

Let's end it, Johnny.

Johnny wheels his horse around as Wyatt fires, the shot missing and Johnny racing up into the canyon, spurring his horse as fast as it will go. Other shots ring out behind him and he continues to ride.

BACK TO WYATT

Disgusted with missing his shot.

WYATT

(to himself)

Damn it!

Wyatt and the others run down to their horses which are hobbled below.

BACK TO JOHNNY

He spurs his horse on, then reins it in and gets an idea. He takes his Winchester rifle out of its scabbard and dismounts. He pulls his boots off and loops them around the saddle, then he smacks the horse hard and it takes off.

JOHNNY

Yeah... we'll let you follow him for awhile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He takes a step and ooches and eeches and ouches. He sits down and tears his undershirt out from underneath his shirt, tears it into strips and ties them around his feet. Then he takes his rifle and goes around to the back of a tree and sets up an ambush position. He is terrified and he pulls out his flask and takes a long, long drink to calm his nerves.

EXT. TURKEY CREEK CANYON - NIGHT

Wyatt, Doc, Fred and the other members of their party comb the canyon quietly looking for their prey.

EXT. TURKEY CREEK CANYON - JOHNNY'S POSITION - NIGHT

A very drunk Johnny finishes the last swig from his flask. He is angry that it is empty and he tosses it and then thinks better of having made the noise. He puts his index finger up to his lips.

JOHNNY

(to himself)

Shhhh.

He curls up on his left side holding his pistol in his hand, the rifle off to the side and goes to sleep.

EXT. TURKEY CREEK CANYON - SUNRISE

The sun is just coming up as Wyatt and Doc find Johnny's horse with the boots slung over the saddle. They fan out.

EXT. TURKEY CREEK CANYON - JOHNNY'S POSITION - DAY

Johnny is asleep at the foot of the large tree where we left him. Behind him and down a short ways flows Turkey Creek. He stirs softly in his sleep as we hear the sound of footfalls approaching and then a boot gently kicks Johnny's leg. Johnny's eyes open and before he can stir we hear a gun cock.

ANGLE ON WYATT

standing over him, his gun pointed down at Johnny's head.

WYATT

It's over, Johnny.

He shoots and it is.

EXT. SMITH RANCH - DAY

A farm woman, MRS. SMITH is there in her kitchen as a shot echoes out through the canyon. She turns around, a troubled look on her face.

EXT. TURKEY CREEK - JOHNNY'S TREE - DAY

Wyatt is leading up the horses to the tree where we see Fred Dodge standing a little ways off from the three other members of their party who have now propped Johnny's body up in the bole of the tree. Doc stands near him as well.

WYATT

I got the horses. Let's...

He looks closer, a slow look of disbelief coming over his face.

WYATT

What are they...

FRED

(by way of explanation)

They're scalping him, Wyatt.

Wyatt's eyes open in amazement and he takes a step forward as if to stop them.

DOC

It's the only way they're gonna collect the bounty... is if they have proof...

There is a moment of quiet horror for Wyatt. His head shakes back and forth almost imperceptibly, almost like an old man with Parkinson's. His voice comes out in choked syllables.

WYATT

I... won't... allow...

Doc steps in front of him as if to set him straight on the facts of life.

DOC

It's business with these boys, Wyatt... It's not their hobby.

Wyatt looks at Doc as if not knowing him.

WYATT

(shaking his head ever so slightly)

Business...

He looks Doc in the eyes.

WYATT

Goodbye, Doc.

He turns and mounts his horse.

DOC

Goodbye Doc?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wyatt doesn't respond. He turns the horse and rides slowly away

DOC

Goodbye Doc? We're supposed to be friends...

ANGLE ON WYATT

as he rides away from his friend.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. FISH CREEK RANCH - DAY

Josie is out working in the garden. She looks up and squints. In the distance coming up appearing here and there between the trees is Wyatt on horseback. She runs to him and he sees her and spurs the horse up into a gallop to her side where he leaps off the horse, falls, gets up and runs straight into her arms as we HEAR OVER this the voice of a NARRATOR.

NARRATOR (VO)

Wyatt Earp married Josephine Sarah Marcus. In the year nineteen hundred, Warren Earp, Wyatt's youngest brother was murdered in Arizona. It is rumored that Wyatt and Virgil Earp returned to Arizona and killed his assailants. Wyatt died in nineteen twenty-nine at eighty years of age. He and Josie had been together for forty-five years in which time Josie suffered numerous miscarriages. They had no children.

ROLL CLOSING CREDITS.

THE END